

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1859.

REV. WELLINGTON H. COLLINS.

BY REV. T. C. GARDNER, A. M.

"True indeed it is,
That they whom death has hidden from our sight
Are worthiest of the mind's regard; with these
The future can not contradict the past:
Mortality's last exercise and proof
Is undergone; the transit made that shows
The very soul, revealed as she departs."

A GOOD life hath its memorable lessons of instruction. It is a rich element of happiness, and will flow into the broad stream of divine manifestations to live forever as an operative cause of good in the universe of mind. An eminently-truthful and good character, embodying the qualities of a noble life, and expressing the results of patient self-study, and discipline, and submission to truth, and firm adherence to rectitude—is it not sensitive to all the attractions of the infinite Excellence, and will it not exist as an imperishable image of beauty in the eternal remembrances of God? "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." God rejoices in the illustrations of his perfections of human life and character. *He taketh pleasure in them that fear him.* He multiplies his words and works through the holy and beneficent agencies of his intelligent creatures. He is "glorified in good men." His essential beauty and excellence are rendered truly glorious when seen in the mirror of finite exemplifications of truth and righteousness. How pleasant, then, to contemplate a Christian life—a life full of truth's teachings and virtue's utterances—a life swayed by principle, poised by duty, abhorrent of all shams, grasping realities, ever moving toward the true end, indexed to the life immortal.

A character strong in its integrity, firm in its settings, compact and wealthy in its resources, self-reliant in its movements; neither veiled in reserves of opinion nor disrobed in bare expo-

sure of thought; inlaid, not too heavily, with generous qualities and sympathies; variegated with veins of humor and many an intersection of pleasantry and satire; capacious in its infoldings of attributes, affections, and determinations; the whole controlled by grace as having subdued nature, by the Lord Christ as the mighty Savior, and by the blessed Spirit as the adorable sanctifier: such, Christian reader, was the character of him whose name stands at the head of this paper, and whose likeness, unequivocal in its expressions, finds fitting place in this number of the Repository.

Forty-two years and a fraction comprised Mr. Collins's existence in this lower world. Twenty-three of those years were spent faithfully in the service of Christ, and twenty-one, without interruption, in the work of the Christian ministry. His father's family numbered eight sons and a daughter. Four of those sons became Methodist ministers. The youngest, his constitution very robust and seemingly impregnable by disease, after his graduation at the University of Michigan, went as a missionary to China, whence, after a term of effective service, he returned, pale and emaciated, to his father's home to die. Another, with his armor on, fell on the field of battle, and sleeps beside him whose heart, even when dying, was with his brethren in China. After short space the subject of this sketch, apparently the most vigorous of the family, was cut down in his prime and laid with them in the grave's dreamless slumber.

"Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!"

The events and incidents of Mr. Collins's life do not furnish any thing remarkable for reflective comment, or striking episode, or aphoristic discourse, and yet his life was not that of an or-

dinary man. He was one of those who, without noise or ostentation, go steadily through life with a purpose, and make their mark. He belonged to the stern and heroic, not to the flashy and brilliant, type of humanity. Your idea of England's "Iron Duke," or the great American who ever had nerve to "take the responsibility," would come in naturally to influence your conceptions of Mr. Collins. *Wellington* was his name, and in *will*, in adherence to his own convictions, and in loyalty to duty, *Wellington* he was. His educational advantages had not been of the first class, and he never made any pretensions to scholarship, nor did he ever boast of his acquisitions, yet was he, in the true sense of the term, an educated man. His strong native endowments had led his mind out into independent investigations; he could command all his resources and concentrate all his mental forces at a given point, and his reading and attainments were very respectable and comprehensive. He loved the old English authors, and held much converse with Bacon and Shakspeare. He was at the greatest possible remove from pretenses. There was no make-believe in his composition. Like Socrates, he would delight to analyze a sophist. What he knew was really a matter of knowledge in his own mind, what he did not know he would readily confess his ignorance of, rather than put on the appearances of wisdom. He despised the arts of pretenders to cover their ignorance, and was a good hater of all cheats and counterfeits. A wise man may have ignorance, a fool never has wisdom. And then between the ignorance of the wise and that of the wise pretender, what an infinite difference; in the one case, a Socratic want of knowledge, in the other, the omniscient impudence of a quack. In the first instance your respect for character is not diminished; in the second, respect gives place to disgust and patience to just contempt. It is questionable whether any human being ever felt contempt for Mr. Collins. Apart from all books, and literature, and learning, he had knowledge. In his own mind was his study, and there he spent his busiest hours. He had, we think, a much larger share of that invaluable commodity, common-sense, than falls to the lot of most men, even of his intellectual capacity. The law of cause and effect was ever operative in his mind. The starting point and the goal, these he must see. Nothing is satisfactory unless resting upon an immovable basis. And so his logical abilities made him a formidable opponent. He never lost sight of his point; that point he generally carried, and always by fair, visible, honorable tactics. There is honor in victory won upon the open field, while disgrace overlays triumph secured by artifice.

The man thinks wide of the designs of existence who studies intrigue and deception, and plans his way to paradise through purgatory. There is real beauty and power in a process of thought that goes straight from point to point, while crooked logic will ever remind you of the serpent. This straight-forwardness in all respects and in all things was the great trait in Mr. Collins's character. His physical appearance, his very walk and movements, his gestures, his speech, his voice and intonations, all impressed you with his sincerity, his integrity, his reality. He would thus be ever reminding you of what Carlyle says of Johnson: "Here also was a man; let the world once more have assurance of a man."

The piety of Mr. Collins was in harmony with these general views of his character. We have never heard of any thing extraordinary in his conversion or call to the ministry. No beauteous vision peered upon him from the invisible world; no light, bright with miraculous splendor, shone around him when he dedicated himself to God. The laws of truth seemed to operate silently and powerfully upon his nature, working out the most evenly-balanced and consistent manifestations of Christian principle. His religion partook largely of the element of reason, judgment, conscience, and, at the same time, was never divorced from the action of the sensibilities and the silken bonds of affection. But the forces of feeling, emotion, passion, were in him ever held in subserviency to thought and reflection. He would have rejected Christianity if to his view its teachings had traversed the dictates of reason and the irreversible principles of right imbedded in the constitution of the human soul. He would submit to what might be above reason, but not to what was in evident opposition to its affirmations. No proposition could ever move him to action that did not compel his judgment. The supremacy of moral obligation was a living fact in his understanding. His beliefs and opinions were all of the positive order. He had no negatives, and he had no second choice. The result was, his piety was positive, manly, enduring. No fitful fires, no spasms of sentiment, no superficial ecstasies of zeal, no vociferous explosions of ungovernable feeling, ever found place in his religious exercises. They were unsuited to his temperament and constitution. He passed no severe judgments on such peculiar exhibitions of the religious life in others, but he evidently was never in sympathy with them. Wisdom and knowledge were his stability and the strength of his salvation. Was there depth, then, in his piety? Was it not cold, abstract, philosophical? No; while it was not sentimental, it was all the

deeper, the more conclusive, the more weighty with divine assurance. Experience with him involved a consciousness of the truth, the agency, the power of God to salvation. The niceties, the delicacies, the exquisite refinements of mystical experiences he left to fanciful, dream-like, speculative minds. His mind took hold of the fundamental doctrines of Christian theology with a grasp that associated his very being with the existence of God in Christ, in whom he lived, as the center of all his hopes and desires. There was the utter absence of all doubt respecting Mr. Collins's personal character and religion. They were genuine to the core.

It is easy to see from this view of Mr. Collins's character that he had eminent qualification for the diversified and responsible work of the itinerant Christian ministry. His native abilities, his thoughtful mental culture, his large endowments, both of gifts and grace, and his thorough knowledge of Church law, polity, and usage, rendered him equal to any position in the Christian pastorate. His administrative abilities were quite superior, as evinced in seven years' successful labors in the presiding eldership. All the interests of the Church were safe in his hands, and none were neglected. He filled this office with an ability that conferred more honor upon it than he received from it. Indeed, he never entered the office because no other place, either acceptable to himself or where he would be acceptable to the people, could be provided for him. Mr. Collins would have reasoned that if he was unfit for any other post he was unfit for that. That he magnified this important office, which has somewhat fallen into disrepute, and which we consider essential to the integrity and prosperity of Methodism, let the intelligent voice of the ministry and laity, over whom he presided with judgment and piety, answer. His services on the first district of his conference, where he closed his earthly labors, were such as secured him the devoted attachment of the most intelligent members and friends of the Church, and as made his death an event of no ordinary sorrow.

The pulpit services of Mr. Collins were adapted to all the high purposes of religious instruction. He was a master, a teacher in Israel. He would move the people through the intelligent teachings of the truth as it is in Jesus. His talents were of the heavy and solid cast. No grand action of imagination illuminated his discourse; no enchanting descriptions of fancy flowed through it, yet it abounded in all the elements of effective preaching. He never set up for a popular preacher, and thus maintained his self-respect, and preserved his character from those imputations of weakness and vanity that gravitate as

by a law of nature to the seekers of fame and applause. His business was to handle with becoming reverence those "truths that shall never perish;" that have power to wake up those "thoughts that wander through eternity;" that "take the dimensions of the soul" and thence reach into the infinitude of God. His sermons were clear, methodical, massive specimens of practical reasoning from divine premises. They demanded intelligence and attention in his hearers in order to their appreciation. Whatever the temptation might be to cater to a vicious public taste, we believe Mr. Collins never violated his own sense of propriety by unseemly departures from the true standard of pulpit oratory. Not that he was ever trammelled by conventional rules or the modes of the schools. He discarded all formulas on preaching enunciated with bookish wisdom in commonplace manuals on the sacred office. He was a law and a rule to himself. He had his own method of pulpit preparation, and herein called no man master. In the last few years of his ministry he astonished and delighted his friends by the power and magnificence of his discourses. There were some great topics that he handled with an amazing force of thought, and a far-reaching and impressive logic. These chief productions were the results of long and patient thinking and reflection. They had grown up in his mind through all the years of his ministry, ever aggregating to themselves all cognate elements, and appropriating to their increase all the best thoughts of his meditative hours. These discourses bore the stamp and impress of high originality and merit. They made impressions on living souls that will endure to eternity. They were indicative in their effects of the superiority of a slowly-acquired reputation won by unremitting study and effort, over that pulpit renown built up on other men's labors and upheld by servile dependence on the ever-changing attitudes of public opinion. Mr. Collins never went into the pulpit with the shameless face of a plagiarist to practice a lie when he was commissioned to preach the truth. He would as soon have thought of stealing the bones of the dead and hanging them up fantastically in his study, as of logging their sermon-skeletons into his pulpit and claiming their productions as his own. And yet no man revered more the thinkers of the past, or was more ready to make his acknowledgments to their toil and industry. He drew on them freely for his materials of thought, but he digested his reading into his mental life, and so, like nature herself, had his own laws of growth and development.

The devotion of Mr. Collins to the work of the ministry was grounded in his convictions of his

being divinely called to it, and was proof against all temptation. He was as true to his high calling of God in Christ Jesus as is the needle to the pole. He had carefully counted the cost, and making up his mind once for all, *he endured to the end*. His brethren never had occasion to lament in him a restlessness of purpose, a heartless performance of his allotted work, an uneasy element of character weakening his ministerial life, and holding him in readiness to step at any moment from the altar of God into the arena of politics. He never indulged the thought of "backsliding from the pulpit into Congress." Considerations of gain, ease, place, power, never had leave to mingle with his cherished purpose to glory in nothing save the cross of Christ. *Wellington H. Collins was no office-seeker*. He did not stay in the ministry for convenience' sake, laying every plan to secure a "nomination," and waiting an opportunity to slip out into office. His ambition never trailed its robes in the dirt of a political caucus, nor bowed in obsequious smiles to any golden calf set up in opposition to the Decalogue. Have we indeed fallen upon evil times when Christian ministers can be made tools of for party aggrandizement? Will he who is called of God to "preach the word," after he has gained a position of influence through the confidence reposed in him by the Church, repudiate the doctrine of a divine call to the office and work of the ministry, and take the character in which the Church has invested her sympathy and confidence and deliver it over to the service and spoils of political strife? Will a man "rob God" of the talents and resources intrusted to him for the salvation of souls, and appropriate them to a career of base servility to the powers of selfishness? Will he make merchandise of the Church's love, and veneration for her ministers, by making them subserve his elevation, or rather degradation to office? Let the example of him who was first among his brethren stand out in its unimpeachable integrity as an argument and protest against such profanation.

Such devotion to the work of the ministry, in the case of Mr. Collins, met with its due reward. The confidence reposed in his judgment and integrity, the respect inspired by his soundness of character, the universal concession that his acts, even when erroneous, proceeded from correct intentions, that expediency never held empire in his mind, gave him all the influence in his conference that even an ardent ambition might hope to possess. He was regarded as the ablest defender of the interests of the Church among his brethren, and his judicious counsels and watchful solicitude assigned him the headship of the ecclesiastical body to which he belonged. He

was twice elected to represent his conference in the highest judicatory of the Church; the first time standing at the head of the delegation, and in the second instance owing his success simply and purely to the manly force and integrity of his character. His views at that time on the slavery question—a test question in the canvass—as openly expressed by himself, were in opposition to those of the majority; yet so strong was the conviction of his brethren, not only as to his eminent fitness for the service, but also as to the high considerations that would certainly govern him in any action he might perform or vote he might give, that their suffrages fairly crowned him with the highest honor they could bestow. A more honorable tribute to merit was never accorded to a faithful minister of Christ. The supreme council of the Church also expressed their sense of his worth and capacity by placing him on one of the main book committees having in charge her publishing interests, and by appointing him a member of the General Missionary Committee, to whom is assigned the important duty of making the estimates and appropriations for all the missions under her care. These trusts he executed with ability and fidelity.

That Mr. Collins ardently loved the Church of his choice, and her institutions and usages, it would be superfluous to argue. But while his denominationalism was strong, it was healthy, and his generous catholicity gave him a wide-spread interest in all other Christian communions. Somewhat conservative in his principles, he was jealous of every movement in his own Church that looked in the direction of innovation. He considered Methodism a well-devised system—a strong and compact organization for the spread of the Gospel. As far as his influence could go it was uniformly exerted to preserve the Church system intact, and to render it more efficient, not by mending it, but by developing its main principles. It need hardly be said that he enjoyed the friendship of many who did not sympathize with all his views. Yet was he too positive in character and action to be without opponents. He certainly had his defects in common with all great and good men. We think there was a tendency in him to undervalue the opinion of those who differed from him in judgment, and it is apparent how naturally this would result from his own clearness and grasp of mind. Strong throughout, he was strong in his prejudices, from which no mortal mind is free; yet had he the capacity to reason upon them, and would finally clear up his field of vision. He was somewhat unyielding in his convictions, now and then approaching to immutability, but had too much self-knowledge to plead infallibility, and, in the

end, if convinced of any wrong, would set himself right. He had a large knowledge of human nature, and a powerful insight into its various workings; but, it is just to say, he was sometimes mistaken in his estimates of men and character.

In social life he was admirable. Cheerful, affable, *Johnsonian* in his sense and talk, familiar with principles, his mind well stored with fact and anecdote, he was ever ready for discussion, or would freely indulge in the luxury of friendly, soul-flowing converse. He had very keen perceptions of the ludicrous, and took delight in those grotesque combinations of thought and expression that would wake into pleasant and innocent action all the risibilities of the soul. From the gay and humorous he would turn to the graver topics, and when the argument was started was foremost in the pursuit. Here was his forte, and here his strength would soon eclipse all his other qualities.

Mr. Collins died in the strength and glory of his manhood. When his star reached its zenith it paled in the brighter fires of the firmament celestial. Life with him had been a reality and a work; death was the translation of his soul to higher spheres of life and action. The heaven of thoughtless repose can never be his abode. He will "mingle his grand soul with its kindred elements in eternity," and be ever associated in thought and investigation with the thrones, and powers, and principalities in heavenly places. During the last year of his life his friends remarked an unwonted growth and improvement in his character. He seemed to be striving for the complete mastery of himself—to be freeing himself from every inward hinderance to communion with truth and God—to be drawing nearer in all holy sympathy and affection to his brethren; his preaching became more powerfully rich in evangelical doctrine and sentiment, and he was reaching after all possible excellence, as if conscious of his rapid approach to the regions of blessedness. At length, on the eleventh of August last, his manly heart ceased to beat, and leaving his weeping friends and kindred here, he hastened to the embraces of infinite Affection in heaven.

"There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes."

VANITY is so constantly solicitous of self, that, even where its own claims are not interested, it indirectly seeks the aliment which it loves, by showing how little is deserved by others. Indeed, Vanity and Envy are sworn friends.

ESTRANGED.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

WHILE I watched the sunset shadows
Slowly down the valleys slope,
Where sweet April now is writing
Shining prophecies of hope,
Came the breezes to my casement,
Softly of an April talked,
When in blessed faith of friendship
Thou and I together walked.

As some half-forgotten ballad,
Now and then in broken notes,
Full of all their old-time sweetness,
Down the halls of memory floats,
So upon this twilight stillness,
In my lonely lack of glee,
Come again in all their freshness
Blest remembrances of thee.

And I think how once these bird-songs
Could not echo half our gladness;
How the passing April shadows
Could not bring a moment's sadness;
How the purple eves of May-time
Poured upon our brows their balm;
How the glad June, crowned with blossoms,
Gave her blessing—joy and calm;
How, all through the glowing summer,
Riper still our friendship grew,
And how autumn, grand and glorious,
Gilded all our joy anew.
But, beloved, the winter found us
Changed—ah, me! how changed in heart!
And returning April sees us
Walking far enough apart.

FORGIVE.

BY WAIP WOODLAND.

O HATH an erring mortal veiled
Thy path with dark despair?
Hath envy thrown around thy steps
A foul, officious snare?

Let not the measure of that wrong
In stern revenge be given;
Rather, in fearless confidence,
Submit thy cause to Heaven.

Let not a rash, invective word,
Break from thy throbbing breast;
'T were better far that silence reign
Till wrath is soothed to rest.

For, ah! as poisonous mildew spreads
Its blight on opening flowers,
Outbursts of bitter rage corrode
The peace of future hours.

That God incarnate, who conferred
Honor on human form,
By hands of treachery was crowned
With the contemptuous thorn.

Yet in his heaving bosom did
No vengeful passion live;
Mid nature's pangs, his pale lips breathed
Earth's noblest word—forgive.

PAPERS FOR THE LADIES.

BY THRACE TALMON.

NUMBER XI.

WHAT TEMPER WE ARE OF.

EVERY woman is supposed to possess such a constitution of the mind as is commonly called temper. She is said to have a mild temper, a hasty temper, a high temper, etc. Although she may not have a philosopher for a husband, who persists in accumulating only honors and trusts the generosity of his friends for a new cloak, as had that unfortunate-tempered wife, Xantippe, she is presumed, as a dweller in this world, to experience more or less of those carking ills which ripple the surface of life and sometimes transform it into a maelstrom.

If we seek to imitate the virtuous woman as pictured by King Lemuel, according to the instructions of his mother, we must meet ample opportunity to test what manner of temper we possess. This excellent wife wrought willingly with her hands; arose while it was yet night, and gave breakfast to her family; bought a field, and planted a vineyard with her own earnings; strengthened her physical nature by exercise; kept her candle burning late at night; spun wool and flax; gave to the poor and needy; made herself clothes of silk and purple, and kept her husband in such good condition that he was noticed among the elders of the land when he met with them; made fine linen and girdles for sale; spoke wisely and kindly; looked after the conduct of her household, and saw that none ate the bread of idleness; and altogether was one whom her husband and children had reason to bless to their latest hour.

A woman's disposition is more the result of her daily life than would at first appear. When we call this woman "amiable," or that one "a shrew," we should take into account whether the first be subjected to the same aggravating circumstances which are the portion of the latter. If the object of our commendation be poorly placed in life, and perhaps be the victim to many unspoken ills of body and mind, and still, through all, retain her good temper, she may truly be called amiable. So, if the shrew be the wife of a husband commonly termed *shiftless*, and of a man who is any thing but an aid and protection to his family, or if she have more cares than strength of body or mind with which to meet them, we should greatly qualify our condemnation.

Too often we look on the surface, without pausing to settle the justice or injustice of our opinions, and thus it comes to pass that we wrong others both by word and deed.

"What a pity that your wife is always in so much trouble!" exclaimed a gay woman, who had nothing to trouble her own brilliant existence, to the husband.

Said another, who was highly gifted and made a figure in the intellectual world, "Why don't she read? She would have less time to fret."

A third joined in with—"And how closely she is fastened to the house! Such a home body! If she went out oftener, she would have better spirits."

"I know it all," sighed the husband; "she *will* be unhappy, for it is her natural disposition."

And thus it was settled that the woman was bad tempered.

The home truth was, the husband had smiles for all save his family; in the home he stormed profanely, if even his coffee was not rightly prepared, or a button was missing. He cared for all first before his household. He gave his society to the public, and never asked his wife to leave her children, who, in numbers, bade fair to rival those of John Rogers. The poor wife had little to sweeten her temper or brighten her life; so she fretted her soul out of her worn body, and her tongue was hushed by the silence of death. People then said—"She had her good qualities; but it is a relief to all to know that her troubles are over, for her temper was very unfortunate."

Every woman should have enough temper to guard herself from unwarrantable encroachments. Her self-respect should so manifest itself, even when her countenance is in absolute repose, that none will *dare* intrude upon that hallowed sanctity which should surround her like a golden chain, invisible but impassable, save at her own discretion. Mark women in public places—in the rail-car, the lecture-hall, or on the street. One evidently has no self-protection; her face invites the bold stare from the stranger; and her uncertain manner indicates that she must always depend upon the brother, the husband, or friend for protection. If she is insulted she laughs, or whines, or parleys like a child. Another woman, though perfectly unassuming and reticent, evidently carries an inner spirit, that would repel any invasion from the spirit of evil, by the very look of her eye, or the slightest tone of her voice. If need be, she would die to preserve her integrity—and die nobly, as becomes a noble woman.

No woman should cherish such an ignoble temper as will open the doors of her soul to the rude approach of any who have no right to enter there, whether they be mere peddlers of curiosity, or guests with the entrée to her society.

There are certain traits of character which should be cultivated in order to properly control the temper. Of these may be mentioned:

1. A spirit of reconciliation to what can not be amended or totally changed. Women are known to possess a good share of self-will, so that "a willful woman" has passed into a proverb. If they can not have things precisely as they desire, they are prone to yield to a temper which is unbecoming. This shows weakness, for it is characteristic of infants and brutes. Where there is the most reason, there is the greatest reconciliation to unavoidable ills.

Unreconciliation vents itself in frowns, angry words, or a still angrier silence. To cure this, we should first look closely to discover if there is no chance of improving the source which disturbs. In many cases this is possible oftener than at first appears. The effort to alter and amend will occupy our attention, and prove a kind of vent for excited spirits. But we should be careful not to aim our reforms in the wrong direction, or carry them to an unreasonable extent, under the high pressure of vexatious emergencies. Our caution should duly be bidden to the scene, lest destructiveness or some other injurious organ carry the ascendancy.

2. We should cultivate hope. If we trust the goodness of God for better days, or brighter skies, or happier moments, our tempers will receive a poise that will contribute to sustain us through every trial. They who despair have a bad temper, either open or concealed. The misanthropic are angry with the world; the gloomy are out of temper with their fate; the utterly hopeless are insanely mad with the Author of their destinies.

Great charity and all consolations should be cherished for those who, by reason of poignant griefs, indulge in unseemly temper. We should aim to encourage them by inciting their hope, and contributing by every means in our power to enable them to renew their hope for themselves.

3. But the most important of all the means of preserving a good temper, or rightly controlling a bad one, is the cultivation of a *spirit of forgiveness of injuries*. Had not our Savior foreseen this, he would not have left those model words, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." Every one has something to forgive; and it is to be presumed that every one who makes the least mark among his companions has enemies. Those "who have not an enemy in the world," never do any thing in order to benefit their fellow-creatures in the plain, honest way of truth. Few things are harder to bear in this world than the envy of others at our good actions which accomplish success. In all ages there have been imperishable records of instances of envy, calumny, and spite. For this cause Socrates was compelled to drain

the fatal cup of hemlock. For this were the veins of Seneca opened unto death at the command of Nero. For this was Milton called "that blind, old adder," etc. For this did Daniel suffer persecution:

A serpent's tongue, double, fiery, fast,
The tongue of envious men,
The prophet from his peaceful altar cast
Into a lion's den.

For this did Christ, the Son of God, suffer the death of the cross. For this did the martyrs perish at the stake. For this have suffered innumerable others, in secret and silence and sorrow, known only to One.

But what was the great, the unparalleled example in this situation? Sublime, beautiful, inexpressibly glorious the picture of the Savior of the world, the King of kings, the beloved of the Father, nailed to the cross, derided, spit upon, buffeted by envious and cruel persecutors, yet "he opened not his mouth!" "He answered nothing."

"My kingdom is not of this world. If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight." There is a pure peace and strong consolation in the exercise of forbearance. We gain strength of character, growth of grace, faith in God's wisdom and goodness, by a calm and steadfast endurance of injuries. In so doing, we should not trust to ourselves, but seek wisdom from Him who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not.

In all course of conduct there is a golden mean between the extremes of action. In some particular cases it is not our duty to suffer a false accusation without endeavoring to exculpate ourselves. By silence we may consent to falsehood; we may tacitly say, "You accuse me rightly. I deserve your indignation."

A powerful accusation, sudden and overwhelming, sometimes causes such a shock to the mind as to produce partial aberration or dementation. When the intellect becomes thus unsettled, it often happens that the accused believes and confesses guilt when they are actually innocent. Of this numerous instances are on record. Persons confessed themselves guilty of witchcraft in the days of the persecution among the Puritans. Individuals have been known to confess themselves guilty of murder upon being powerfully accused, when they were entirely innocent. Let all the members of a household wrongfully turn against one of their number, and oftentimes that one will believe that he is indeed the proper object of universal condemnation, and will wonder why he was so unfortunate as to have lived at all. In these, as in all other cases, we should seek to use right judgment. We should fix our

eyes clearly and steadfastly on the truth, and look to Heaven for strength to suffer, to endure, and be strong.

There are many cases of every-day life and more common observation which are occasions for our forbearance. Of these is forgiveness of hypocrisy in others. The world has many hypocrites—those who pretend to be friendly to others—to feel an interest in their welfare, while they are secretly plotting their ill. When one has been thus deceived, it is natural to become misanthropic; to exclaim, "No one is worthy of confidence." But this is unwise. Such sweeping denunciations include ourselves. If we have faith in no one, none should have faith in us. We judge others by ourselves. The man who declares that there is not an honest man in the world, is not the man to be trusted for honesty.

Among the most powerful motives to forbearance is the moral of those words, "They know not what they do." If people are prejudiced against you, they are seldom fully aware of it; and when taxed with the commission of such wrong they will reply—"No; you are mistaken; I am friendly to that person. I only wish to have right done." Their opinion of what is right is totally different from what it should be, through ignorance of the just and true bearings of right and wrong. However, directly after they will speak bitterly of that person again. Of them it may be said, "There is that speaketh like the piercings of a sword." Still they are hardly aware of it—even yet ignorant of their true relation to others. Let their exact words be presented to their notice, and, in nine cases out of ten, they will deny them altogether, through total forgetfulness. But this in no wise diminishes their culpability. No person has any right to keep the memory and conscience so blunted as to speak wrongfully of another and forget it the moment after. Such ignorance of the truth is inexcusable.

In many such cases they have had a deficient moral training, so that they actually are not aware of the extent of the guilt of speaking freely what they think. They have never been properly educated concerning this great evil in the sight of God and man. They have heard their parents and friends speak thus unguardedly of others before those whom they should not, and it is quite natural for them to follow such an example. They have a controlling desire to vent their feelings upon the idle wind about them, to which they yield without a thought.

Another inducement for the exercise of forbearance is, that it is quite possible we may in some degree be mistaken. We may overestimate the nature and extent of the wrong which we

believe we have received. Our informants of the injury against us may have derived an impression not wholly correct, and so have conveyed to us but a partial truth, greatly obscured by error. Or we may ourselves have judged suddenly and incorrectly; and, on inquiry, we find that we were in a good degree at fault. If we have not given way to our temper, but have exercised forbearance, doubly then shall we rejoice in our course.

There is absolute certainty that if we do not take vengeance into our own hands for the wrongs we receive, there is One above who can and will avenge them for us. "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." It matters not how secretly, how cunningly our foes may work against us, all hidden things must one day be brought into the clear light of judgment. Said Lactantius, "Let no man think himself the safer in his wickedness for want of a witness; for God is omniscient, and to him nothing can be a secret." "God is a great, an incomprehensible power," observes Seneca; "it is to him that we live, and to him that we must approve ourselves. What does it avail us that our consciences are hidden from men, when our souls lie open to God?"

Abu-Hanifah, the founder of the Hanefites, having received a blow from an enemy, merely observed, "Were I vindictive I should return violence for violence; were I an informer, I should accuse you to the caliph; but I like better to pray to God that he may allow me to enter into heaven with you at the day of judgment." The exercise of forbearance is according to the highest dictates of both reason and revelation, of philosophy and Christianity.

The beauty of this heavenly and sublime principle is most forcibly presented by contrast. A person is injured. He knows that such and such persons have secretly or openly plotted to impair his good name and do him ill in a variety of ways. He directly yields to the first strong impulse of anger. His brow is clouded heavily; his lips are white with passion; his heart swells high; his whole frame quivers with excitement. He opens his mouth to give vent to fierce imprecations. He reviles, accuses, threatens. Revenge he promises to have. To this end he loses no time in injuring his foes by every possible way, uniting their names with all that is detestable and dishonorable. Perhaps he partially or wholly accomplishes his aim. He gets enemies for his foes; he sows their reputations to the idle winds.

Whom does this person now imitate? Not Christ, or the great philosophers of all ages; but savages, madmen, and beasts of the field. He

has not won aught worth having; but he has lost much—self-respect, self-control, and the highest respect of others.

Many will say, "But it is impossible for me to control my temper when I know that I have just cause for anger." This is all an error; for no one is so constituted but that he or she can acquire the habit of self-control. "Ponder the path of thy feet, and let thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left. Say not, then, I will recompense evil, but wait on the Lord and he shall save thee."

If you take no notice of an affront, or meet it with that indifference which is a powerful shield of self-defense, or with forbearance, the provocator often loses half his aim. He finds himself alone in his misery. Whereas, if you become a partner with him in this folly and sin, your strength has departed from you. Your locks are shorn. You are no longer Samson the strong; but Samson blinded, vanquished, enslaved in the house of his enemies!

The devil has much to do with the excitation of anger. He whispers to us that if we do not show a proper spirit of resentment, we shall be underrated by others and condemned as mean-spirited. We must assert our independence; uphold our high and untrammelled souls above the level of spite and contumely. Our precedents warrant us to refuse to submit to such indignities. Our honor must not be sullied. The brilliancy of our escutcheon must not be tarnished with such foul spots from ignoble sources.

What we have, then, to do, is to place the evil tempter behind us, keep our eyes fixed steadily on the cross and say, "Shall we, poor worms of the dust, full of sin and weakness, refuse to endure but this trifling agony of spirit?"

We should also raise our thoughts above this fleeting hour of existence. We should remember that we do not live here forever. Heirs of immortality, we should be mindful of the great and eternal future. If we are injured, misinterpreted, and betrayed here, there will come a day when all wrong shall be revealed; all false judgment corrected, and right shall reign in triumph over the whole earth.

A woman especially should remember that her greatest ornament is a meek and quiet spirit, without which her beauty is transformed into a blight, and her natural influence over the stronger sex becomes weakened, and often wholly destroyed. That "softness" and "sweet, attractive grace," for which, according to Milton, woman was formed, can only be preserved and cultivated with a temper based upon patience, moderated by reason, and elevated by faith in the goodness and justice of God.

TEARS.

BY J. D. BELL.

IT is a part of our true discipline, in this life, to have tears drawn out of us. Simple are these. They are easily analyzed. You are familiar, though you may not know that you are, with all their constituent elements. Tears are a secretion. They flow from the lachrymal glands. Mr. Youmans tells us that "they consist of water rendered slightly saline by common salt, and containing also a little albumen combined with soda." Of this nature are all the tears which we shed in our sorrows or our raptures. Of this nature were those tears which fell from the eyes of Jesus. I believe it is Mr. Gilfillan who says he could more easily spare all our fine literature than those two words, constituting the thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of St. John's Gospel narrative. Jesus dissolving! I wish you to linger with me here a little while, so that we may meditate together on this sacred fact.

There was in Jesus every great vital susceptibility which is highly interesting in any man. You will find that he possessed the best of all that is either beautiful or noble in manhood. In him was the perfection of acuteness, earnestness, patience, courage, fidelity, humility, manners, eloquence, pathos, affection, passion. Having never either erred or sinned, his greatness, as a man, was not one-sided, and his sensitiveness was never morbid. It is not written that he never spoke like a man; but that "never man spake like this man." So it may be said, not that he never felt as you do; but that you never felt as he did. The sympathies of Jesus are much like ours. Only in this are they unlike—his are the deeper, the stronger, the purer. Our tenderness is imperfect; his is perfect.

Do you not see how incompletely St. John and his compeers in sacred authorship would have performed their mission, had they written nothing about the tears of Jesus? Could you spare from the evidences of the Master's almightiness the sweet proof furnished in that tenderness of his, which made every one love him most who knew him best? Suppose that in all his wanderings in Judea he had appeared only a stern, dignified counselor, so hard-bosomed in his austerity that men and women had followed him because of the sublime severity of his moral lessons and example, and for but little more than these. Suppose he had always been as rigid and bleak in his religious integrity as John the Baptist was. Suppose he had exhibited no fondness for little children; no sympathetic throbbings of heart for the poor, no gentleness for Mary, no tears for the dead Lazarus. Had he been such a gloomy be-

ing, do you think his words would have lost so little of their freshness and potency in eighteen centuries? But he was not austere. He was no patron of that dreary monkish sect of his time—the Essenes. The miracle at Cana, in Galilee, which was his first miracle, is proof enough of this. He uttered never a word in favor of ascetic abstemiousness. He committed no absurdities of self-denial. He was genial in his divineness. He had kind looks and winning manners. He was free alike from sourness and from grimness. You do not find that the little children of Judea used to run away at the approach of this great friend. Was it not he who blessed the children, and then turned to the men and women and said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven?" You do not find that, by the absoluteness of his words, he repelled many whom, by kinder manners, he might have won. How did Jesus gain adherents? Did he say to those Jews, "Follow me; otherwise ye shall all be damned!" No, no. He said to them, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Beautiful utterance of the Redeemer's compassion! Jesus Christ was more than God. He was the dear God! O do you not see him, in your thought, going through Galilee, dropping on his rough pathway and into his bosom tears having the same kind of salt which there is in yours? He was human. See how he weeps at the tomb of this Lazarus who was buried three days ago! He was also superhuman. See how he calls to this dead and half-putrefied man, and makes him step forth in his grave-clothes and live! Know then, henceforth, that the divine Jesus has love as well as power for thee. Know that in all thy pains and depressions, thy sorrows and griefs—in all of them excepting those which are of a remorseful nature, the Master sympathizes with thee. Be assured also that, by virtue of his Godhead, he is not less able to see thee now, and to comfort thee, than he would be if his very face were mirrored in thine eyes, even as it was mirrored in the meek eyes of the sister of Lazarus so many ages ago.

But shall I not speak to you about the tenderness of Jesus, as a reason why we should cultivate in ourselves the susceptibility of tenderness? If Jesus wept, one may reasonably conclude that we all should sometimes weep. So you need not be ashamed, if in the last hour before this one, or yesterday, or on some other day, you so far gave yourself up to the great feeling of the moment, as to begin to dissolve. "Tears," says Leighton, "that flow from love to God and grief for sin, have neither uncomeliness nor excess in them." Was it any harm to Peter that he went

out, after the denial, and wept bitterly? Man is not man, woman is not woman, without that tenderness which shows itself, at times, in the swimming eye—that susceptibility which is the foundation of what the Roman Catholics call "the gift of tears." When you see a strong, stern man, who usually appears as if he were made of granite, put his hand to his storm-worn forehead and weep, do you not like that man always afterward, and call him noble? Yes; the image of such a man is almost as dear to you as the image of Horeb's rock, out of which Moses drew water with his rod, must have been to those wandering and weary Israelites.

You will find that in all times men of any civilization have held it a good thing to mourn over the dead. All the paths of our race, from the earliest, have been sprinkled with tears. The Jews who lived thirty-five hundred years ago used to weep. I read that when Joseph, the ruler of Egypt, in the seven years' famine, met his brothers who had long before sold him to some merchants for twenty pieces of silver, and who had come up to him, not knowing that he was the overseer of the empire, to buy food, Joseph recognized them, though they did not recognize him; and when he saw his dear little brother Benjamin, his mother's son, he made haste to get himself away, because he sought where to weep; and he entered his chamber and wept there. And I read that when he made himself known to his brothers, as he did not long afterward, he wept aloud, so that the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard him. And I read that when he rode up in his chariot to meet his venerable father Jacob, who had for years thought him to be dead, he presented himself to his aged sire, and fell on his neck and wept a good while. Passing further on in the Scriptures, I read of David's tenderness. "And the king said unto Cushi, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Cushi answered, The enemies of my lord, the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is. And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" And in the New Testament also I find many beautiful episodes of human tenderness and tears. On a certain occasion one of the Pharisees wished Jesus to eat with him. And he went into the Pharisee's house and sat down at the table. And, behold! a woman, in the city, who was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his

feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment! What acts of beautiful devotion were these!

Well, then, if Joseph wept, if David wept, if Mary wept, and if Jesus wept, should not you and I sometimes weep?

But let us not fail to distinguish between the expression of weak or improper feeling and the expression of strong and appropriate feeling. Be it remembered, that to shed tears is not always to weep. There is a childish tenderness, and there is a manly tenderness. Do not suppose that because one's eyes can readily become moist, one is, therefore, apt to be tender after the manner of Jesus. Consider how much is needed to make those little drops from the eyes significant and beautiful. You would not admire the tenderness of an indolent man, even if you should see him shed a barrel-full of tears over his poverty. You would not deem noble the tears of one whom you know to be weak-minded and foolish. There must be truth, and strength, and profound sincerity in a person; otherwise his tears can have no force in them. He weeps the most appropriately, who is known to be the most earnest. If you do really weep, it is an evidence that your heart is more than full, or that it is torn, or that it is broken. Joy may have more than filled it; sympathy may have more than filled it; misfortune may have torn it; disappointment of grief may have broken it. Children shed tears for small things, and so do some men and women. In such cases the heart is little affected. It is not wrung by some great sorrow; it is not so joyful as to be unable to contain its joy. There are tears of impatience. There are tears of anger. There are tears which are shed for show. These last are Vanity's tears. They are paraded on the cheek. They trickle down and are wiped away with unsoiled linen; but the heart of the person has experienced neither rapture nor distress. It has not been moved. Such tears are no better than so many drops of water. They are *lachrymæ inanes*. Vanity does not weep. It only affects to dissolve.

You will find that the eyes of true men and true women do not become fountains till their hearts have felt the sway of some master sentiment. Honest tears are always preceded by an intense movement of the soul. Robert Hall said he could think of the word *tear* till he wept. Why do you weep when you look, for the last time, on the face of a long-loved friend lying in the arms of death? It is because you think of your loss. Why do you weep when you are about to tear yourself from the old home where you sported in boyhood or in girlhood, and when you

take the hand of your sweet mother and whisper good-by to her? It is because you think of the precious scenes and the dear faces you are passing away from. Shall I tell you when you can weep about Jesus? It will be when you have enthroned him in your soul. Shall I tell you when you can weep in repentance? It will be when you have thought seriously and deeply of that divine love which you have sinned against during so many selfish years.

Now let me say that it were not well for one to deny one's self the benefit of brokenness and tears, because there are many who weep weakly and foolishly. No; be sure to let thyself almost dissolve sometimes, so thou hast good cause for tearful tenderness. Does not Solomon say that there is a time to weep? If one's heart has been lacerated by some severe affliction, let not one be too austere with himself. Do not do so, thou who art under the cloud of an oppressive grief, do not do so. This unwillingness to let thyself weep will not secure for thee so much. In thy loss it were better for thee not to be stubborn of heart. In the season of thy sorrow give thyself up to be less under the sway of thy will—that faculty by which, it is true, thou hast made all thy brave steps thus far in life. But in the time of severe heart-trial thou shouldst consent to be less under its sway, for the sake of those pure longings and that calm thoughtfulness which are always induced when sorrow has uncurbed the soul. There is no affliction which, under the divine Providence, may not be made beautifully disciplinary. Is not every wicked, wild-natured Topsy improved spiritually by the tears which trickle down her black cheeks, when some little Eva talks to her about God, and heaven, and the angels? Who ever truly wept, not to be made more calm, more meek, more contemplative? It should seem, indeed, as if religion were scarcely attainable without tears. Who has ever entered into friendship with Jesus that was not previously ready, more than once, to sob like a person whose heart is breaking? The heavenly Dove loves to rustle its wings near to a sobbing sinner. I believe that the devils themselves would have some hope of regaining the heavenly beatitudes, if they could but shed honest tears. Would you not trust an irreligious man the sooner if you were to know that his eyes do sometimes grow moist on account of repentant regrets? Ah! how many sad souls there are, outside the kingdom of heaven, who, by the tears of an unconfessed remorse, have, for years, attested, in silent places, to the good angels and to God, that the Holy Spirit has attended them day by day, making them to be far more meek and manly than they would have been without it!

Dost thou pride thyself on the tearless stubbornness with which thou canst endure the harrowings of a great grief? Dost thou deem it the more noble in thee to be ever so stern and undissolving? I would say to thee, remember Jesus! There are men who seem to think that their manhood—so much as they have—would be at a serious risk if their eyes should swim for an hour in the soft waters of tenderness. Hard-hearted beings are to be found among us who, as if it were true that the bosoms of the brave do never heave and sob under the dominion of tender, mournful sentiment, would force themselves to look with dry eyes even on the face of a dear friend soon to be laid in the cold bowels of the grave. And perhaps they would be ready to pronounce the person childish whom they should see entering the kingdom of heaven weeping. But let it be remembered that the best heroes are never such as can endure bereavements and heart-pangs with the fewest tears. The wide world over, tears are counted by the good and wise, even prior to an acquaintance with the eyes which shed them, as among the most convincing proofs of genuine sincerity. They speak of mournful separations, or of yearning sympathies, or of a deep-felt consciousness of self-reproach, or of feelings of gratitude and joy, overflowing their wonted channels, like rivers in the opening spring.

True sadness is never either proud or vain. It scorns all pageantry, all gaudy flaunts, all self-confusing noise, and exhibits itself with as much sweet naturalness as if it had said, "Let me be honest for once!" The great man weeps as he stands beside his dead child. Would you not say that this softness is becoming to him now that he must gaze on those pale, cold little features, and on that breathless little bosom? Perhaps you heard this great man, a few days previous, as he rose, in the pride of statesmanship, to address the assembled multitude. You admired him then. You hung with rapture on his eloquent lips. You permitted him to change your opinions, and to form new ones for you. You clapped your hands when his speech was concluded, and exclaimed, "Well done! well done!" That orator is in grief now, beside the coffin of one of his children. It should seem as if his very heart were ready to break. As you behold those true tears trickling down his cheeks and falling into his breast, do you think him any the less a great man for shedding them? Ah! he is noblest among men who can be brave in the hour which calls for bravery, and can dissolve in the hour which calls for tenderness! What if there were no tributes of tearful regret scattered around the coffins and the tombs of the precious dead? What if those white brows which are never again to

freshen with young blood, and never again to beam with intelligent beauty, were doomed also to be borne out of sight, followed by no heaving breasts and overflowing eyes? Would you like to have it so? Let me answer for you, No. This world is better for you and for me because there are so many in it who go to graveyards weeping behind human corpses. "The bravest," says one of our own poets,

"The bravest are the tenderest."

See that invincible Martin Luther, who accomplished so much for Christianity in the sixteenth century—that man who would have gone to the city of Worms though there had been as many devils in it as roof-tiles—that man whose very words were pronounced by Richter "half-battles!" Surely you would not hesitate to say that he was a great and brave person. On the contrary, you would say that he was even sublime in his moral heroism. But can you believe that this Luther was also a man of tenderness and tears? Does the information surprise you that he wept as if his great heart had been crushed over his little daughter's pulseless forehead? "I can not," said he to a friend, in the time of his bereavement, "I can not forbear from tears, sighs, and groans—say rather, my very heart dies within me. I feel engraven on my inmost soul her features, her words, and actions; all that she was to me in life and health, and on her sick-bed my dear, my dutiful child. The death of Christ himself—and O! what are all deaths in comparison?—can not tear her from my thoughts as it should. . . . She was, as you know, so sweet, so amiable, so full of tenderness." Martin Luther's bosom was not made of stone! Hear what Thomas Carlyle has to say about the genuine and beautiful softness of this hero, whose words shook the world: "A rude plebeian face, with its huge, crag-like brows and bones, the emblem of rugged energy; at first, almost a repulsive face. Yet in the eyes, especially, there is a wild, silent sorrow, an unnamable melancholy, the element of all gentle and fine affections, giving to the rest the true stamp of nobleness. Laughter was in this Luther, but tears also were there. Tears also were appointed him; tears and hard toil. The basis of his life was sadness, earnestness."

But what, now, are the practical lessons connected with the foregoing reflections? Let me, without any special effort to be particular or methodical, mention a few of them.

First. It is evident that weeping is not necessarily a weak act. "Jesus wept." This inspired assertion, made by St. John, should fully and forever settle the question of the propriety of tearful tenderness. Certainly you were not made to

look with stony indifference on the faces of deceased kindred and friends. Does not the same holy apostle, who tells you to rejoice with the rejoicing, tell you, in the same breath, to weep with the weeping? You should cultivate attentively all those gentle affections which, in the hour of joy or in the hour of sorrow, seek their fittest expression in tears. If you continually resist them you will become hard-hearted, unkind, cruel—possibly inhuman—just as that priest and that Levite were who passed by on the other side. Whereas the continued culture of them will make you humane, amiable, generous, sympathizing, affectionate, noble. Be sure, therefore, often to bring yourself into the midst of circumstances in which you can directly taste the luxury of active pity. Go and weep with unfortunate men and women, who are worthy of perfect kindness. How would such acts tend to beautify your character!

Again: you should be willing sometimes to be tearfully melancholy. It is not well for one to be habitually light-minded and merry. Such persons are generally marked by a want of mental depth and force. They never become thoughtful, never become noble. The great and patient souls of this world get their strength and their fine susceptibilities by a way of life in which they are sometimes playful, more often profoundly sad, and usually in earnest. You will, of course, be benefited rather than harmed by occasionally indulging a frolicsome mood or spirit; but you should more frequently indulge a spirit of meditative sadness. You should seek to acquire a love of solitary contemplation. Often, when the sun is setting in the hazy blue of the west, or when the shadows of evening are falling, you should wander alone, for the purpose of giving scope to the better and deeper longings of your nature. In beautiful secluded places you should court the society of those good angels and of that Holy Spirit by whose noiseless agency we are all influenced in modes which will be mysterious to us so long as we remain in the flesh. You should become able to say, truly, with the poet,

"I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear."

So live, and your character will be lovely. You will be a missionary of comfort. Wherever you habitually move and breathe, inharmony and inhumanity will change into their opposites. You will soften the hardened; you will reprove without offending the bold and conceited. Coarseness will correct itself, and recklessness will be filled with self-reproach in the chastening light of your presence. You will make no one you communicate with worse, but every one you com-

municate with better. At your approach the eyes of the poor will begin to beam with glad gratitude. You will be beautiful to the sick. It will be said of you that you are all you profess to be, and much more. Friendship, patriotism, philanthropy, the filial relation, the fraternal relation, the parental relation, the marriage relation, and the relation of neighbor—these, having you to represent them, would seem to be inexhaustible sources of elevating sweetness and fruition. And religion, which, in this world of errors and absurdities, is so often misrepresented—religion, which, when exhibited in accordance with the intention of Jesus, is attractive, and never otherwise—religion, which man must possess in order to be deeply content, and which he must possess in its enlarging and liberalizing reality in order to enjoy or exemplify it nobly, what charms would it not reveal through your mellowed features, your pure words, your blessed actions? No satiric tongue would find ground for sneering comment in your habits of devotional expression, or in your manifestations of zeal.

Infidelity would never have any need to charge you with superstitious cant. Almost an angel of love and of light would you be. Every one, to whom your Jesus-like gentility should be known, would cherish you; and all the way to the grave you would go cheered on by loved and loving admirers. And death, which has been so often called "the king of terrors," what would it be to you? Only a mighty messenger from the heavenly Father, sent to take off the fading garments of your peaceful soul, and admit it into a broader and more blissful liberty. Surely this messenger would come to your bedside with no power to fill your mind with tormenting regrets. Surely your last pains would not hinder to you the experience of hallowed recollections flocking up from memory's fair inner world. At the worst, your bodily anguish would be so far mitigated by happy spiritual reflections as to be easily endurable.

Thus contemplatively and calmly would you suffer the great change; and when your dying pulses should all become still, and that solemn word, gone! be spoken over you, then what tears would attest the deep and abiding affection felt for you! Long time would pass away. The mound beneath which your body would be separating to dust would become sodded, and, perhaps, a bed of simple flowers. And years and years further on, your wisdom, your goodness, your Christian tears and loveliness would be remembered with longings for the enjoyment of your society in the regions of peace and blessedness.

THE BANK NOTE.

BY SHEELAH.

"WELL, now, George, I've got to the very bottom of the bag—see!" and the speaker, dropping into a seat by the sick-bed of her husband, displayed an empty purse before him.

"Never mind, Lilly," was the soothing reply, "I have a bank note yet."

"A bank note, George?—show it me!" said the young wife eagerly.

"Here it is," and turning the leaves of a Bible, which lay beside him, he placed his finger under the words, "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

Lilly read the promise and was silent. She would not dare to utter a word against the truth of Scripture, and yet the thought arose in her mind, "That bank note is not negotiable; the landlord won't accept it for his rent, neither will they take it in the market."

"I wish I could do something to make money," she murmured; "if I had time for sewing or"—

"I'll tell you what you can do," said George.

"O! what?"

"Go over to Mr. Morgan, perhaps he'll give you the pound he owes me."

"I've been there twice and could n't see him," was the despondent reply. But Lilly recollected the empty purse and several little comforts that her sick husband needed, and took the resolution to try again.

"Well, George, I'll go," she said, and tenderly kissing the lips which always fondly returned the pressure, she rose and, donning bonnet and shawl, proceeded on her errand.

Left alone George Arnold closed his eyes and entered into communion with Heaven. He pleaded for his wife, soon to be left a widow; and so absorbed did he become in the holy exercise of prayer that he did not hear a knock, which was repeated again and again at the door. The visitor at length, turning the handle, admitted himself, and George, opening his eyes, started to behold a friend of his father's, whom he had not seen since boyhood.

Mr. Roche, advancing to the bedside, took the emaciated hand extended to him, and, seating himself, entered into familiar conversation with the invalid. He had just arrived in the city; had accidentally heard of the ill-health and consequent difficulties of the son of his old friend, and had come to offer his sympathy. He was not rich; and, as he glanced round the humble apartment, regretted that it was not in his power to improve the sick man's condition; but he conversed with him cheerily upon his spiritual affairs,

joined with him in prayer, and, begging him to accept a small present, slipped a five pound note into his hand.

George looked the joy he felt as he thanked the kind donor. "It will be a happy surprise for my wife," he said, "whose little purse is now empty, and who is out collecting a bad debt."

Mr. Roche expressed his regret that an engagement prevented his waiting to see Mrs. Arnold, and soon after took his leave.

Lilly returned, her fair face marred by disappointment and anger. "He was n't in!" she exclaimed; "he's never in when I go—he does n't mean to pay it!"

"Well, never mind, love," said George, with a smile, "my bank note was cashed in your absence—look here!"

A scream of delight told the young wife's joy, as she saw the unexpected wealth. "O, George, give it me!" she exclaimed, "let me run out at once; I want to get a chicken to make you broth, some sheep's feet to make you jelly, and a bottle of the best Port wine to strengthen you, and I'll soon see you out of bed again."

But Lilly never saw her husband "out of bed again," till he was lifted thence to his coffin; she learnt, however, from his dying lips many a sweet lesson of patient faith; and often since, as she trod her lonely way midst care and toil, she has gone to his Bible for a bank note, and never came away unsatisfied.

This little incident occurred in Dublin—Ireland—and we hope it will convey a lesson to many of the Lord's poor in our own land.

MAY A CHRISTIAN GO TO THE THEATER?

NOT unless he can go under the rule, "Whatsoever ye do, do ALL to the glory of God." He should take this subject to the closet, and if, with this Scriptural rule in view, and after solemn and sincere prayer to God for counsel, he can go to the theater, then we confess we have utterly misconceived of this question. This course will prevent every true disciple of Christ from attendance upon the theater. He will conclude that Christ will not be honored by such conduct; that it will disparage religion in the eyes of the world. He will regard it as a violation of that precept, "Abstain from all appearance of evil." If the example of Christ is the pattern after which Christians should scrupulously copy, then they certainly can not attend upon the theater. If the Christian is actuated by the lofty motive of winning as many souls to Christ as possible, he can not attend the theater. If he would "grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ," he can not go to the theater.

THE EYE THAT NEVER SLEEPS.

BY MISS PAMELIA S. VINING.

When the heavy midnight shadows
Gather o'er a slumbering world,
And the banner-folds of darkness
Are in gloomy pomp unfurled—
Think, lone watcher! pale and tearful
In thy sad, unpitied lot,
By the death-couch waking, weeping,
There is One who slumbers not:
One who, though no mourning brother
Share thy vigils sad and drear,
Loving, pitying, as no other
Loves or pities, watches near.

When the waves, o'erwrought by tempest,
Lift their strong arms to the skies,
While amid the inky darkness
Shrieks of winds and waters rise;
Mariner! 'mid doubt and danger,
Wildly tossed upon the deep,
Think, o'er all in power presiding,
There is one who doth not sleep:
One who holds the risen tempest
In obedience to his will;
Who, to calm its raging fury,
Needs but whisper, "Peace, be still!"

When weighed down by heavy anguish,
Waking sad at midnight lone,
Sorrowing mourner! thou dost languish
For affection's hallowed tone;
When thy soul, o'er buried treasures,
In its uncheered anguish weeps,
Think that gently watching o'er thee
Is an eye that never sleeps;
And above the mournful shadows
Lift thy heart, so lone and riven,
Up to Him who, 'mid thy sorrows,
Wooes thee still to hope and heaven.

THE TEMPTATION.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

'T WAS a dark winter's night, and the old year lay
dying,
While fiercely and bitterly howled the keen wind;
All summer-born things in a white shroud were lying,
The stern and the rugged ones only remained.

Alina sat lone 'mid the shadows of even,
Those cold, leaden shadows, that winter makes
drear,
And shivered and wept, of all comfort bereaven,
Bewailing the false ones she once held so dear.

The light and the warmth from the embers had van-
ished;
The light and the warmth had gone out from her
soul;

The faith and the hope that no past ills could banish,
Were freezing to death 'neath the Present's control.

The blood in her veins to snow-water seemed turning,
The tears on her bosom congealed as they fell,

And then the hot flushes of feverish burning
Swept o'er the poor frame love had once nurtured
well.

A horrible sound came her chilled senses shocking,
Her thoughts from stagnation awaking once more,
As the grim Wolf of Want, without pausing or knock-
ing,
With a bound like a tiger's, leaped in at her door.

His famishing breath o'er her hollow cheek floated,
His ravenous teeth and his venomous fangs
Were ready to tear, while his eyes on her gloated;
Already she writhed, as if feeling death's pangs.

Hark! softly and sweetly strange music is stealing,
And on through the darkness there glides a bright
form,

Whose beautiful face shows compassionate feeling:
"I come," said the Vision, "to feed thee and
warm."

"I come," said the Vision, "to cheer thee and love
thee,
To bear thee away from this wilderness nest,
To pleasure and plenty—O trust in me, prove me!
My home shall be thine, and thy pillow my breast."

Then whispered the Voice that forever is dwelling
In every true heart, both in sorrow and joy,
"Beware," said the Whisperer, silently telling,
"His name is the Tempter, he comes to destroy."

"Lord save, or I perish," Alina entreated,
And to the grim Wolf from the Stranger she fled;
The Wolf guards her still, for the Stranger retreated,
Nor cares if Alina be living or dead.

GOING DOWN TO THE GRAVE.

BY MERIBA A. BARCOCK.

GOING down to the grave with no hope in thy heart
That thy God will receive thee, all guilt as thou art?
Life's sunshine extinguished, with faltering tread,
In darkness and doubt "going down to the dead?"

Going down to the grave in the blackness of night,
No star-beam of love from the Father of light?
No Savior's sweet presence and promise to save?
A stranger to God going down to the grave!

No God and no hope! where, O where, is thy stay?
Thy Savior, long-pleading, turns not yet away;
His sad eye can pity, his strong arm will save;
Why, then, in thine own strength go down to the
grave?

Thine hour of decision ere long will be o'er;
A dark gulf awaits thee, its mad waters roar:
Too late thou wilt call on the Mighty to save,
When thy prayer shall be lost in eternity's grave.

THEN who would recall her from heavenly bliss
Again to a world of such sorrow as this,
Where joys are so fleeting, where sickness and care
Point the weary to heaven, to look for rest there?

THE DEAR OLD HOME.

BY LAURA W. LA MOREAUX.

THE dark old hill looked tenderly down
From its tuft of maple trees,
And the hanging vines above the door
Swung lazily in the breeze.

The little brook went merrily by,
Just down at the garden gate,
And sped, with its stolen dews, away,
Unconscious of their fate.

Ah, how we played on its flow'ry verge,
And ruffled its wavy breast,
Where sunbeams sparkled, and laughed, and leapt,
With never a look of rest!

That dear, dear home, with its mossy eaves,
And its look of holy care,
That sheltered us through our infancy,
And a childhood crowned with prayer!

O, long was the path, through meadows green,
Pressed down by our youthful feet,
Springing and bounding in joyous glee,
And pausing by daisies sweet.

All then were there, and no broken link
Yawned sadly up from the grave;
No vision of shroudless and stiffened death
Slept under the green sea wave.

But the sunlight glad was passing by,
With its quiet, stealthy tread,
And a specter, grim with terror, paused
And numbered each shining head.

Alas for the joy of our childhood's home,
In the far-off shattered vale;
Like a sweet young dream in beauty bathed,
It comes with a wooing tale.

A sister dear, with her loving eyes,
Went from us a weeping bride;
But ere the spring-time had smiled again,
She had bowed her head and died.

And the dear old home grew desolate,
For the hush of death was there;
The moonlight stole with a softened light
Through the sorrow-laden air.

Then came to our stricken home the tale
That our youngest, fair-haired boy
Lay deep in the ocean's hidden bed
With his bosom's wildest joy.

We gathered around the hearth-stone dim,
Palsied and speechless with woe;
And the aged ones, with weighing grief,
Bowed lower, and still more low.

They, too, are now gone, whose silv'ry locks
Grew white with the roll of years;
Whose eyes have long on the summers looked
Through a misty vail of tears.

And the fireside band is broken all,
And tombs sleep under the hill;
And while the brook goes merrily by,
The voices are hushed and still.

SLEEP.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

I LIE and wait in the midnight,
O pitying Sleep! for thee.
Come silently through the darkness
And lay thy soft hand on me;
Let it lie on my burning eyelids
As cool as April snow;
And wipe away the tear-drops
That have wet my pillow so.

Serene, invisible angel!
I picture thee calm and fair,
With a dawn of snow-white poppies
In the dark night of thy hair;
With eyes most loving and gentle,
And smiles as fair as can be;
So lead my soul to thy dream-land;
I have no fear of thee.

I am no stranger in Dream-land;
I know each valley and hill;
The woods and sunshiny meadows,
So beautiful and so still.
And 'mid their silent splendors
Sometimes my spirit meets
The loved who have wandered thither
Away from the golden streets.

Sweet Sleep! then lead me quickly
To thy still and pleasant shore,
For my head aches and my heart aches
With life's tumultuous roar.
And Thou who never sleepest,
Let it give me strength, I pray,
To take up to-morrow's burden
And carry it through the day.

MY CHILD.

A THANK-OFFERING.

BY MRS. E. A. B. MITCHELL.

How much I thank thee for this gift,
Thou *only*, God, canst know;
My heart, in deepest gratitude,
Doth melt and overflow!

I gaze in silent ecstasy
Upon her lovely face;
The impress of *thy* finger, God,
In every line I trace.

I know this precious child of mine
Thy hand hath given to me;
I know it by the mystic power
That turns my heart to Thee.

I can not look in those blue eyes,
Raised lovingly to mine,
But that a grateful thought will rise
Like incense to Thy shrine.

How much I thank thee for this gift,
Thou *only*, God, canst know;
My heart, in *deepest* gratitude,
Doth melt and overflow!

THE TASK OF LOVE.

BY SHEELAH.

"I WONDER if Constantia Rollin expects people to visit her now," said Miss Adeline Whitmore, as she closed a book of prints, the leaves of which she had been carelessly turning over.

"Of course she does," replied Miss Emily; "the like of her always expect attentions."

"It's not visiting her that I should mind," observed Mrs. Whitmore; "it will be more unpleasant if she persists in visiting us, and bringing one or two children every call."

"O, mamma, you do n't really suppose!" exclaimed Adeline.

"Certainly I do," responded mamma, "and we shall have to bear it, too; for if we show her the least coldness we shall be denounced as heartless, unappreciative creatures, who have not souls to understand virtue and heroism."

"And must we invite her to parties the same as ever?" inquired Adeline.

"Of course," said Emily, "and send the carriage for her, and send her home again."

"I do n't think we shall have that trouble," Mrs. Whitmore rejoined, "for I am told she keeps no maid; so she can't leave the children even-ings."

"No maid!" and Adeline opened her eyes in wonder; "surely she can not do the housework herself."

"So I am informed," was the answer; "also, that her hands are getting quite large and coarse, and that she is every day appearing more shabby in her dress."

"O, ridiculous!" cried Adeline indignantly; "I wonder her friends do n't interfere to prevent such nonsense."

"I presume," said Emily, "she is so headstrong that she will not be dictated to by her friends."

"That is very likely," Mrs. Whitmore rejoined, "for I have heard that the family proposed to divide the children among them, offering Constantia whatever home she should honor with her acceptance; but she should be independent, or keep the orphans together, or some such absurdity, and so there is nothing for us to do but admire her heroism, and treat her the same as ever."

The entrance of visitors here interrupted the conversation, and Miss Rollin and her affairs were dismissed for the present.

"How long it is since we have seen Constantia Rollin!" remarked Miss Harriet Moore, as she sipped her tea; "I hope the pleasures of

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housekeeping will not make her forget her old friends."

"That her new duties may leave her without time for visiting is more like the truth," responded Mrs. Moore; "and I hope my girls, who have no household cares to keep them at home, will not neglect their self-sacrificing friend."

"O, no, mamma," was the rejoinder, "we have only been giving her time to get settled; we thought it might be intrusion to go before."

"Besides, mamma," interposed Lucy, "you know she keeps no help, and it might inconvenience her to entertain visitors."

"That might be so, my dear, with regard to fashionable calls," replied Mrs. Moore; "but you must not let your visits to Constantia bear that character; it will be best to drop in on her without ceremony, and induce her to treat us in the same way. We must make friends with the children, too; I should like to have them come sometimes and play in the garden."

"Speaking of Miss Rollin?" inquired Doctor Moore, who had been engaged with a book while his tea was cooling.

"Yes, dear," replied his wife, "I am advising our girls to cultivate her acquaintance."

"Certainly, certainly," said the Doctor; "there are very few like her, and she can not be treated with too much respect."

"It is quite an uncommon case," pursued the lady, "to see a young girl, surrounded as she has ever been, suddenly detach herself from the world, and devote her life and energies to her sister's orphans. Some think it would have been better to let the relatives take the children, but the little darlings would have been separated, scattered up and down, and who would have taken the same tender interest in them as dear, affectionate Constantia? No! no! whatever worldly wisdom may say, it is better and happier that they should remain together. I only fear that, with the utmost industry and economy, the noble girl will find her small means insufficient for the undertaking."

"Well," said the Doctor, "let us hope the best, and if there is any thing we can do to lighten her burden, I hope the opportunity will not be neglected."

Tea was now over, the family resumed their evening occupations, and the conversation was discontinued.

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And now, reader, let us visit the maiden whose recent conduct we have just heard discussed in two family circles.

It is a small frame house in Bowery village at the outskirts of New York. The lower part is occupied by the landlady, a humble widow,

with a young family, and the upper story is the whole dwelling of those whose late home was one of the largest and proudest mansions in the city. But before we go in, reader, perhaps you would like to know something more of the history of Constantia than you have picked up from her friends. Well, it can all be told in a few words.

Her father was a revolutionary officer of proud descent, but whose whole means was no more than adequate to support, in the style their position required, a delicate wife and seven children.

Of this family Constantia was the youngest, and the fair, gentle, and beloved Isabella was the eldest. While the former was a mere child the latter married, and her husband, a wealthy merchant of New York, fearing that his young wife should miss the bright faces and glad voices that surrounded her girlhood, entreated that her little sister might be permitted to accompany her to his stately home.

Ten years the two sisters lived happily together, during which three beautiful children came to call Isabella mother; and then her fair head drooped, her soft eye closed, and husband, sister, and babes were deprived of her lovely presence.

This was a terrible blow to poor Constantia; but the worst had not yet come. In another year Mr. Kurtz, her brother-in-law, suddenly died of apoplexy, leaving his affairs in a sadly-confused state. Friends and creditors assembled, books were examined, an inventory taken, and when all was arranged, it was found that the only provision remaining to the orphans amounted to no more than three hundred dollars per year. This pittance was considered not worth naming, and the brothers of Constantia, all of whom were now married and doing prosperously, proposed to share among them the duty of providing for her and the little orphans. Colonel Rollin had been dead some years, since which time the widow had made her home with her eldest son, and, by the others each taking one of the lately bereaved, they could all be amply provided for.

Constantia heard their offers, paused, reflected, and decided.

When scarcely eight years of age she had left her father's house to share the home and happiness of her newly-married sister, and from that day forth she had been a treasured and indulged member of the Kurtz household. Those kind heads were now laid low—Isabella and her noble husband—and who so near so dear to the heart of the bereaved sister as the children who had sprung up around her happy youth? No! it would not do; she could not bear to part from them; she could not bear to see them parted from

each other; and whatever privations and inconveniences it might involve, she felt that their united companionship was necessary and their home must be together.

There was much opposition from the proud brothers to this arrangement. They saw no possibility of her carrying it out with the remnant of property saved from the Kurtz wreck, and they did not feel willing to contribute to the maintenance of a separate establishment. Constantia, however, had a mind of her own, and resolving that the orphans should have an independent home, be it ever so humble, set forth in quest of cheap apartments. By permission of the trustees, she selected a few articles of furniture, endeared by association, from her late happy dwelling, and, notwithstanding angry disapprobation, she removed with the children of her love to the modest tenement we are now approaching in Bowery village.

The apartment in which we find the little family is neither a parlor nor drawing-room, for its principal piece of furniture is a bed; but it is a cheerful, airy chamber, and from its arrangement and adornings is evidently the usual sitting-room. The back apartment answers for a kitchen, and the little hall-room is just large enough for the boys to sleep in.

It is a bright afternoon, and the little group would look quite gay were it not for their somber garments. Miss Rollin is seated at a handsome inlaid work-table, her fingers actively employed in knitting. She had been taught all kinds of fancy knitting work in days gone by; yet it is no useless fancy article on which she is now engaged, but a pair of stout thread socks for chubby feet to trot in.

Her age is about nineteen years; but womanhood is written on her clear, firm brow, and expressed in the fixed glance of her intelligent eye. A short time since, and buoyant girlhood danced in her sunny curls, echoed in her musical laugh, and gleamed in the varying play of her joyous features, while foot and hand performed their nimble part in merry sympathy; but sorrow shed its sobering influence, responsibility developed energy and strength, and care and affection are now the only impulses that light that fair young face.

By her side, on the rich damask couch, a little girl entertains a doll, almost as large as herself, with a gayly-painted picture book. Four years have scarcely passed since Constantia held a tiny babe in her arms, and a soft, low voice murmured, "Kiss her, dear, and love her as her mother has loved you."

They were pretty words and lightly spoken, but they sank deep into the heart of the young

girl, and O, with what a wealth of fondness does she now repay the tender request!

Two boys, of the ages of nine and seven, are seated near, busy with their studies; and the aunt, while she plies her knitting, hears them recite the well-conned lessons. Industry and content have made their home in that narrow abode, and its happy inmates look not beyond the society of each other for enjoyment. What signifies it to Constantia that the world, her own kindred included, fail to appreciate her self-sacrificing love? She desires no reward but that which now thrills within her bosom—the consciousness of forming the happiness of those helpless and dependent orphans.

The boys having finished their lessons, Constantia steps into the kitchen to prepare tea. The kettle boils on the stove, and in a short time the simple meal is ready. Supper over and the table cleared, hats and bonnets are produced, and the little party issues forth to enjoy the evening air in the last rays of sunshine. Fields then spread their verdant carpets where hard-paved streets and dull brick houses now are seen; and glad young feet were bounding free, and sweet, lisping voices, mingling with songs of birds and gurgling flow of rivulets, were then the only sounds where now the noisy din of busy city life confuses the brain. Miss Rollin smiled to see her healthy boys exert their supple limbs, and encouraged her pretty girl to take a gentle race, and then, ere the dew began to fall, led home her youthful charge to close the evening in domestic quiet.

Constantia's fashionable friends need not have been concerned as to the claims she would be likely to make on them; whatever her former taste for pleasure may have been, it had undergone a thorough change, and her sole source of enjoyment now arose from the success of her amiable undertaking. With a care and precision which her previous character had never indicated, she allotted her finances, apportioned her time, and, having calculated that the most rigorous economy and self-exacting industry would be necessary to maintain her family without undergoing the mortification of an appeal to her brothers, she set herself cheerfully and energetically to the task. The furtherance of this object was now her whole aim and desire; and the annoyance expressed by the Whitmore ladies at the necessity for acknowledging acquaintance with poverty and toil was groundless as it was insignificant, the high-minded girl having from the first resolved to relinquish all intercourse with that clique.

The family of Rev. Dr. Moore were, however, of a different class. The pastor of the Church

in which Mr. Kurtz had been a pew-holder, and Isabella a meek and spotless communicant, the good Doctor felt an intense interest in the bereaved sister and orphans, which was fully participated by his gentle wife and pure, unworldly daughters. Between Constantia and the latter a social acquaintance had long subsisted, but it was not till adversity had opened a door for the kindly influx of Christian sympathy that a mutual appreciation attached them to each other.

Very grateful to the lonely girl, who believed that in the humble lot she had chosen she was henceforth to be cut off from all refined society, were the delicate and graceful attentions of the Moore ladies. A few days after the conversation to which we listened at the minister's tea-table, Miss Rollin was agreeably interrupted in her morning avocation by the entrance of Harriet and Lucy. She wore a plain dress of black calico with a simple mourning collar, yet the sisters, who had been accustomed to see her in the most elegant and fashionable attire, thought she never appeared so interesting before. The touch of gentle sadness that replaced the gay expression of her features, the slight indications of fatigue in the subdued movements of her little figure, and the perceptible influence of responsibility in the sober and reflective air of her who had once been all light-hearted mirth, so far from exercising an injurious effect, invested the maiden with new beauty, and threw a fresh charm around her presence.

Her conversation, too, had taken a different tone, and she, who used to chat briskly of popular amusements or late fashions, seemed now most familiar with household duties and domestic economy. The Misses Moore discovered no wish on the part of their friend to conceal from them her real circumstances, or to appear more independent than she was. Such mean subterfuge was beneath her lofty spirit. Secure in the possession of undoubted respectability, she felt that accidental circumstances were not disparaging; the inconveniences accruing from them might therefore be discussed without any forfeiture of her claim to consideration and esteem.

The young ladies came in, as their mother had suggested, without ceremony, made their salutations with an equal avoidance of stiff etiquette or offensive familiarity, and, without appearing to see the change in her surroundings, fell into easy conversation with Constantia upon the subjects which seemed to interest her most.

They found her engaged in cutting out some coarse garments for her little boys, and, without remarking upon the nature of her new employment, Harriet observed that the material was

similar to some her mamma had been getting for her brothers; also that the pattern was like that mamma cut. This ingenious intimation that she was not the only lady who manufactured children's clothes was appreciated by her of changed fortunes; and, though she knew that a seamstress was employed to stitch the garments which Mrs. Moore pleased her own fancy by cutting, she accepted the amiable endeavor to dignify her work and make a necessity appear agreeable.

Nor did Harriet and Lucy make a less favorable impression on the children. Little Helen sat on Lucy's knee, while John and Ambrose heard with pleasure the invitation to spend some of their leisure time at the parsonage. The intimacy between the two families was established; and, though the humble dwelling of the aunt and her young charge was not in Dr. Moore's parish, yet his pastoral care extended over them, and long as he lived the devoted girl had a faithful friend on whose advice and assistance she could confidently rely.

The education of her nephews Constantia had resolved to conduct herself, and this was not the least part of her noble undertaking. The instructions she had herself received had been but superficial; for, though her generous brother-in-law had spared no expense to make her an accomplished woman, yet, when she came to impart the knowledge she possessed, she found herself sadly deficient. But the project was not to be given up; her means did not permit her to obtain the aid of masters for her boys; she therefore determined to perfect herself in those branches which it was needful for them to acquire.

She did not love learning for its own sake, she had no natural taste for study; but on their account the insipid task became a pleasure, which she pursued with earnest and unflagging zeal. And now might the brave girl be seen at early morn, ere the world was astir, scaling the mount of science, diving into the depths of classic lore, or conquering the intricacies of a dead language. Verily, the idle daughters of fashion were in no danger of being troubled with her visits. Constantia had no time to waste in their frivolous society; her every hour was fully and faithfully filled up.

The family and friends, in whose eyes the young girl's chosen lot was no better than a living death, had comforted themselves with the belief that she would soon weary of the self-immolation; that the romance which threw a charm around poverty and toil would, under the influence of dull reality, quickly wear off, and she would be glad to relinquish her guardianship and accept ease and competence with them.

But no such results ensued. As time passed on her courage and energy increased; dearer and more dear to her heart did the orphans become, and easier and lighter seemed each burden which she took up in their behalf.

We have seen that there were a few by whom Miss Rollin's conduct was approved, and that she was not without the sweet benefit of friendship to advise, uphold, and strengthen her. There was one trial of her life, however, which she bore unshared, one cross which she carried alone. As a miser conceals his treasure, she hid this single secret in her heart; and why should we disclose it? Whatever her friends may have suspected upon this subject she invited not their confidence, and they intermeddled not with it. This much we feel at liberty to reveal. There were certain letters received occasionally bearing the New Haven post-mark—supposed to be written within the walls of old Yale—and said letters were duly replied to. There was also a certain miniature—daguerreotypes were not then known, reader—delicately painted on ivory and incased in gold, which, suspended from a tiny chain, lodged somewhere within the folds of the maiden's dress.

One day a letter came which took longer to read than usual; nor did one reading suffice; it was unfolded again and again, and studied and pondered, while the young girl's daily duties were listlessly and mechanically performed.

This epistle was still unanswered, and Miss Rollin still seemingly in an embarrassed and undecided state of mind, when Helen manifested symptoms of illness. The aunt's abstraction immediately disappeared, and wide awake were all her energies. A physician was called, who pronounced the disease measles, and advised that the boys be kept apart from their sister; but it was too late; in a few hours the malady developed itself in both, and Constantia, with throbbing brow and bursting heart, beheld her three fine children disfigured sufferers together.

The disease ran its course; care and good nursing were not in vain, and the doctor pronounced the danger over. Then, when the refreshing sleep of convalescence bound each pretty eye, the lone watcher opened her desk, took forth a packet of letters, added to them the last one received, took from beneath her dress the miniature, gave it one moist glance, pressed it to her lips and placed it among them; with a trembling hand she wrote a page which ~~we~~ must not read, made all into a neat parcel, marked it with an address which she had often penned before, and the next mail it was on its way to its destination.

A few days and she received a similar packet,

which also contained a miniature; but it was not suspended from her neck, it was placed in a box containing her jewelry and that of her sister's, which was preserved for Helen. The letters, many of them sealed and edged with black, were deposited in the stove. She held her breath while the red flames rioted through them, till all that remained was a twinkling cinder, then, with a long gasp, she closed the stove and returned to her chosen duty.

The children all recovered, and Miss Rollin was again seen walking with them at eventide in the green fields of Bowery village; but no more letters were received bearing the New Haven post-mark.

A few years after these events, and one day a gentleman, who had never been seen there before, found his way to Constantia's dwelling. Who he was did not appear, but he bore a strong resemblance to the miniature that for five years had rested next the maiden's heart.

In presence of the boys, now well-grown, ruddy youths, and of the little merry, blue-eyed girl, the interview took place. He came as a friend, and, without any allusion to other hopes or feelings, entreated to be regarded as such.

After graduating at Alma Mater, he had traveled in Europe, whence he had just returned, and was about commencing his professional career in New York. He desired to renew his acquaintance with Miss Rollin, and, as a friend and brother, assist in forwarding the interests of her nephews.

Constantia appeared as though she had calculated the possibility of receiving this visit. She was pale and grave, but calm and self-possessed. She thanked him for his kind intentions, but told him with emphasis that the acquaintances of her former years were not to be renewed; his friendship she was, therefore, obliged to deny herself. For her boys, however, she would not refuse his offer; if at any time they should need his kind assistance, he should be applied to. She arose, and extended her hand; he looked in her face and read its expression. She was understood. He came no more.

Twenty years have passed since Constantia Rollin took that bold step which so many condemned and so few applauded. The details of those twenty years would fill a volume, and some day the task may be undertaken. In this brief sketch, however, it is sufficient to state that her enterprise proved a splendid success. There was exertion, self-denial, and pinching economy to support her family on their little income; but it sufficed, and the children grew up with strong minds and brave, independent spirits.

Her gentle and affectionate government was

all powerful in training and restraining their ardent natures, and under her mild teaching they learned apace. Their talents were cultivated, their intellectual tastes directed, and their moral and religious principles watched and tended with conscientious zeal.

The task of love is now over, and the faithful guardian receives her sweet reward. John is a physician of notoriety and good practice in his native city, and, with a fair wife and beauteous babe, still yields all filial love and duty to his dear mother-aunt. Ambrose is an engineer of growing celebrity. He, too, has an elegant young wife; yet the loving friend of his childhood still holds her place in his manly heart.

And Helen, what of her? Well, reader, cross to Brooklyn, and in a retired street, apart from noise and dust, you will find a substantial, richly-furnished house, which an eminent merchant calls his home. Step in, and you will be courteously received by the mistress of the mansion, and an elderly lady whom she will address as "aunt."

The latter is a fine woman in the prime of life; but the neat, plain dress of sober hue that envelops her graceful form, and the glossy hair quietly folded around her gentle head, tell that the vanities of earth absorb no portion of her time or thoughts.

Her eye rests with maternal fondness on the younger lady, whose fresh, bright beauty will attract your own. The delicate symmetry of her slender figure, the sweet expression of her child-like face, the long, flaxen ringlets that shade her cheeks and play on her snowy neck, present a picture of loveliness on which the beholder dwells with delight.

She wears few ornaments, but round her small throat you see a tiny chain to which is suspended a miniature set in gold. She prizes it as the likeness of her beloved aunt in sunny girlhood; but the history of that miniature to the pretty wearer is unknown.

And this is Helen, the treasured wife of Augustus Rainsford, and the idol of Constantia's heart.

"I will give her to you, sir," was the tearful reply when Rainsford asked the latter for her niece's hand; "I will give her to you, for she loves you, and you will make her happy; but, O, it will break my heart to part with her!"

"I do not mean that you should part with her!" he quickly rejoined; "I never meant to separate you! Come and share her home as you shared that of her mother, and bring the blessing of your presence to my roof and hearth."

And now in the bright sunshine of prosperity Constantia Rollin calmly walks. The spring-

time of care and toil is forever past, but it brought forth fruit abundantly; she has nothing to do but enjoy a glad "harvest home," and, surrounded by her children and children's children, she spends the fair autumn of her valuable life.

"SACRED MELODIES."

BY REV. D. CURREY, D. D.

A VOLUME of more than four hundred pages—24mo.—bearing the title set at the head of this piece, prepared with much care and ability by Rev. H. Mattison, and published by Mason & Brothers, has been the provoking cause of this writing. The book belongs to a well-known and well-defined class, and as it is the last in the order of time, so it is an improvement upon all its predecessors, and deservedly stands first among its peers. Its title alone does not sufficiently indicate what are the contents of the volume, for the word "melodies" is applied sometimes to the words of the song and sometimes to the music, and yet more precisely the word is sometimes used to specify a certain kind of music, as contradistinguished from harmonies. In each and all these several meanings this volume answers to its title, for it contains both the poetry and the music, and the latter is exclusively in the form of melodies. It is far in advance of any thing of the kind we have before seen, and perhaps it is about as near to perfection as the nature of the subject will allow. Tried by the rules of a rigid criticism, both the poetry and the music would be found in many cases liable to unfavorable animadversions, but to a broader and more truly-critical estimate there will be found in it very much to approve and admire.

It should be clearly understood that, whether as a production of literature or of Christian art, this book belongs to another department than that occupied by ordinary books of hymns and tunes for public worship. The solemn dignity and grandeur of the Church services requires a corresponding elevation of tone and character in the ritual, of which both the words of the hymns and the music to which they are set are important items. There are certain proprieties in this, as in all matters of art, which may not be disregarded, and these demand both solemnity and elevation in all the public exercises of the house of God, and many things quite suitable in other places would be sadly out of place in the services of the sanctuary. The diversity of character and offices of the hymn proper and the lighter Christian song or ballad has become pretty generally recognized, and in recent com-

pilations of hymns for public worship comparatively few of the better class are found.

The exclusion of the lighter and less elevated pieces from the Church manuals has left on hand a large mass of compositions, both poetical and musical, of very considerable intrinsic value, and especially cherished on account of endearing associations, and fitted to please by virtue of their simple elegance. The fact that a given piece has been ruled out of the Church hymn-books by no means proves its worthlessness; nor does that determine any thing as to the relative value of such pieces, since it belongs to another class and must be judged by other standards. These unpretentious Christian songs constitute a kind of sub-genus in religious literature, and they must be estimated accordingly; and though they are commonly not suitable to the exercises of public worship, they may be nevertheless really valuable, and both pleasant and profitable to be used.

A marked characteristic of this class of compositions is the intimate correlations of the poetry and the music. This fact is observable in secular as well as in sacred song. What would be said of setting Burns's "Auld Lang Syne" to some other music than that to which it is married? and that tune also seems to be lost when joined to other words. The dirge of "Bonny Doon" can be sung to nothing else but its own plaintive strains; and though that piece of music has, by much use, become rather cosmopolitan in the world of song, yet it always seems to bear with it the sad remembrance of its original associations. We lately heard a Sunday school singing a kind of invitation hymn to the music of the "Braes of Belquith;" and between the half-parodied words of the song and the identity of the music with the good old Scottish air, thoughts were quite as likely to be drawn toward the bower "by the clear silver fountain" as to the more excellent things named in the parody. Less acquaintance with the "border minstrelsy" than some of us are plagued with, no doubt, saves many from this inconvenience, though this advantage is gained at the expense of all the associated beauty of the song, to which it often owes most of its effectiveness. None but a Frenchman—and a Red Republican at that—can properly appreciate the Marseillaise hymn; the *Ranz des Vaches* is dull music to all but Switzers' ears, and probably the "songs of Zion," had they been heard "by the waters of Babylon," would have failed to awaken any special emotions in the hearts of the heathen listeners. But the influence of such songs over those to whom they belong is proverbial. Unhappily this form of song has very generally fallen below its highest mission, and too often it has been made to

minister to crimes and debauchery; but its influence is conceded, and it ought to be made widely available in doing good. It has often given voice and enchantments to unholy love; it has nerved the arm of the warrior on the field of slaughter; it has allured the steps of untaught youth from the paths of virtue to the bowers of pleasure when it should have strengthened their hands for the conflict, and inflamed their souls with noble aspirations. With unequaled powers over the sympathies and the passions, and with a persuasiveness that often controls the will itself, it necessarily became a mighty agency, whether for good or evil. Such a power can not be safely neglected by those who seek to lead men to the love and practice of virtue; and especially should it be made available in that great work by which the whole soul is to be transformed and set out with holy zeal in the obedience and sufferings, the hopes and anticipations of the Christian life.

The Church, in its militant career, can not afford to do without its simple and soul-moving songs, and no possible condition of things could justify their disuse. Protestantism, and especially Puritanism, has made too little account of the esthetical element in human character in its religious agencies. But all such mistakes are reactive, though the reaction is not always corrective; and since this form of music has been, in many instances, excluded from the offices of religion, it has fled to the haunts of sinful pleasure, and drew after it the eager throng, with whom taste is generally a stronger impulse than the conscience. But seasons of marked and widespread religious interest have uniformly called into use this style of religious minstrelsy—often rude and inartistic, but not, therefore, the less effective among the uncultured masses. Such was eminently the case in the early days of Methodism, when both the poetic and the musical element were brought to contribute largely to the furtherance of the Gospel. Much of Charles Wesley's poetry was originally of the ballad species, though that characteristic was at first freely pruned down by the more rigid taste of his brother, and almost the last vestige of it has been taken away by later "emendators," so bringing it more fully up to the requirements of the schools, but at the expense of a great share of its effectiveness. Still the simpler and less rigidly artistic emanations of the devotional spirit of early Methodism, by whomsoever written, have continued to be cherished, and unquestionably they have exercised a highly-beneficial influence. And the Christian world will not let them die.

The fact that these simple songs are only *melodies*, all attempts at the more elaborate and,

to most persons, less appreciable beauties of harmony, being wholly neglected and eschewed, is doubtless one great cause of their power. Ours is an unmusical age and country, and only a very small portion of our people can appreciate any thing more complex than the simplest song. In this thing we have been most unphilosophical, for it seems to have been practically forgotten that the subjective power to appreciate is essential to esthetic effect with the artistic power of the performer, and that increased excellence of execution may readily render the performance practically worthless. In the pictorial arts a Titian or a Corregio has less beauty in the eyes of an untaught rustic than the colored lithograph that bedizens some village shop window. The countryman who, after listening half an hour to one of Ole Bull's most exquisite performances, desired him to play "Yankee Doodle," was a genuine musical critic, and could have given the great violinist some valuable suggestions in his profession.

But the secret has been found out by some of the caterers to the musical taste of the masses, and the multitudes who listen with lively interest to the popular negro minstrels attest the power of melody to please and to move the soul. Nor was this a secret in the heroic age of Methodism, but a well-recognized and most effective reality. Before tune-books were much known, and while music was learned only by hearing, and simple melodies alone were sung, Methodist singing was confessed to be the principal attraction of their worship. Our changes in the style of our Church music have very far outrun the growth of musical education among us, and we are thereby robbed of one of our best agencies for acting upon the public mind. That style of music which to the cultivated ear is the highest form of excellence, is often worse than worthless to the great body of the listeners; and yet to this braying of harmonies, false or true, has the soul-moving pathos of our simple psalmody been often sacrificed. For reasons already suggested we consent to this, in part at least, as to the more formal exercises of the Sabbath, but still ask that our simpler melodies may be allowed us on other occasions. The peculiar power of the "ballad" has been sometimes made effective in the interests of religion, and we see no good reason why it may not still be used. The songs of the minstrels of the olden time were valued, not chiefly as musical performances, but rather as tales of war or love, of sorrows and sufferings, of conquests or disasters. The same element has found its place in sacred poetry and song. Many of the psalms belong to that class of compositions, and the songs of Miriam and of Debo-

rah are strictly ballads. The semi-allegorical illustrations of religious life, under the images of voyages, and journeys, and campaigns, are of this character, as well as poetical renderings of Scriptural narratives. Stories of Christian devotedness and fortitude, as given in such pieces as the "Bower of Prayer," or that told in connection with the well-known piece beginning, "Jesus, I my cross have taken," have a peculiar power to move the heart. In the social gatherings of Christians, whether for worship or otherwise, such pieces are peculiarly appropriate, and their use could not fail to restore a form of religious enjoyment now too little known or sought after—such as one may presume was known and enjoyed in the family of Bethany, where Jesus delighted to abide as a cherished friend.

These minor forms of sacred songs have a literary history of no little interest, reaching back to the earliest ages of the Church, and "cropping out" more or less boldly in later times according to the degree of spiritual vitality in the Church. During the early and especially religious period of the Lutheran Reformation, song was a prominent feature in the movement, but it was comparatively neglected when that great work assumed a polemical and political character. The Lollards in England and the Moravians on the continent used this form of worship and praise, as at once a duty rendered and a privilege improved; and from the latter the early Methodists learned their characteristic proclivity to sacred song as well as both their music and the matter of their jubilant songs. There is evidently more than an accidental relation between quickened religious life and the use of devotional song and poetry. The full heart seeks to utter its fullness, and the language of the rapt soul is essential poetry, of which melody is the fitting voice. Whenever, therefore, the religious life pervades and actuates the soul, it wakes its deep symphonies, and when it becomes diffused in the social body, social songs of praise become current. In the absence of these forms of religious influence, the songs of the inner life, though set to words and music, are a dead language, valuable only as literary curiosities, dried and faded specimens of once living and odorous flowers of piety.

But to come back to our book. We have spoken of it as belonging to a class of similar productions reaching back through a considerably long period. Formerly little else was attempted than to give the *words* of the several pieces, as the music was entirely oral. In the compilation of these "Camp Meeting Hymn-Books," "Zion's Songsters," and "Revival Melodies," the smallest share of taste and judgment

was often brought into use, and yet untold thousands of them have been called for. Recently the style and general character of books of this class have been greatly improved; more discrimination has been used in the selection of pieces; many blunders and inelegancies have been corrected, and the whole tone of the works elevated. The use of written music is also comparatively a new feature in this department of religious literature. Oral music, like unwritten language, necessarily becomes dialectic and provincial. The same piece has various renderings, so that its identity in different forms often becomes quite doubtful, and the task of separating the genuine from the spurious almost entirely hopeless.

The compiler of this little volume seems to have been fully aware of these difficulties, and, without professing to have overcome the whole of them, he has certainly gone far toward it. To conform those popular melodies to the rules of musical art is simply impossible, and he wisely abstained from the attempt. He, therefore, has made the composer's rules yield to the tune, as known and sung by the masses, rather than destroy them by reducing them to the demands of musical science. The design of such a book is not to present perfect musical compositions, but to perpetuate certain existing pieces which often possess traditional values quite independent of their intrinsic worth, and also to present to less cultivated taste such musical compositions as will best please them. So also in the poetical matter there are many things which the most lenient criticism must condemn; but as these are found inseparably connected with such real excellences as effectually redeem the whole piece, they are permitted to remain. Hymn-mending is a perilous business, especially where criticism is attempted in the absence of poetical genius, and the compiler of this volume has shown his good sense by not attempting it.

But let no one conclude from these half-apologetic remarks that we consider these pieces destitute of poetical merit. Whatever pleases a great many persons of various degrees of culture, and maintains its hold on the public mind during long periods of time, must possess genuine merit. As poetical compositions, some of them have many real excellences, and as *songs*, the agreement of the poetry and the music in many cases indicates real genius in their composers. The selections made by the compiler are perhaps as unexceptionable as the case would allow. In a matter of taste, where so much must depend on individual appreciation, it could not be expected that there would be entire agreement between any two minds. Perhaps every one will find in this collection pieces that

are to them of very little value, and many will miss from it some of their old favorites. The same would be the case with each were a thousand compilations to be made, and probably, as a whole, few or any would please better than this. We accordingly esteem the volume before us as the *ne plus ultra* of its class, and most heartily congratulate the editor on the successful issue of his labors, and the religious public on the attainment of so valuable a manual of social Christian song.

A PILGRIM'S STORY.

BY MARY B. JANES.

"Like pilgrims on the hills of life,
We cross each other and are gone."

IN the year passed by a beautiful sister wandered with me along the way of life. Behind us the sky was roseate and golden, for our sun had risen gloriously. Around us were shaded dells and gently-flowing streams, and our path lay through fields sown with violets and glowing with daisies, and we crowned ourselves with flowers and sung gayly through all the day.

Shall I tell you of the beautiful one? She had starry blue eyes and soft hair falling on white shoulders. Her face reflected the beauty of her soul, and to see its radiance you may impersonate "whatsoever is lovely," and you will know, for my pen can not tell you.

By and by there joined us another sister with thoughtful mien and hazel eye, and two brothers, one brown-haired, the other golden, and merrily we traveled on together. Two guides went before us with loving words, and when we looked upon them we were strong in ourselves and each other.

Suddenly there came a dark night upon us, and we wept; then 't was twilight and afterward morning; but ever after that only one guide went with us, and she was tearful; but as she always looked upward, we smiled again and were happy. Sometimes, though, there were clouds in the sky; the way grew thorny and we were weary.

Then our guide told us of the land where are no clouds and no thorns, but blooming flowers and sunny skies, where bright beings on unwearied wing sail through the soft air, making sweetest music, even thanksgiving to Him who brought them thither from earth's valleys. Then we sighed and wished to be there, but she bade us be wise and cheerful on our way.

We wandered through beauteous groves and plucked fruit delicious to the taste, and drank from pure waters, which so refreshed us that we grew stronger. And a voice from above said,

"They that seek me early shall find me." To those who listened came joy, and there was again a sky without clouds and flowers at our feet, not perishable buds and blossoms, but fadeless ones from the tree of life, and the birds above and all about us seemed to sing, "Praise God." Then the golden-haired boy went with us no more, but we knew he had gone with angels to the morning land.

On we journeyed, and were met by troops of little children and fair youths with sunlight on their heads and flowers in their hands, who cried, "Lead us to the beautiful groves, for we thirst and are hungry for the golden fruit and the crystal waters." So we went with them and were glad.

But the light on the brow of the blue-eyed sister grew brighter and her voice became like music, though her step was slow. And she said, "O, the river! the river! and beyond is the morning land."

We upheld her falling feet, but we saw not the river. She spoke to us all along the way tenderly and lovingly, and bade us look upward, for she knew that tears were falling.

Then she walked no more with us, and we carried her in our arms, and behold in the distance we saw the river, and drew near with sad, sad step, for she heard voices calling to her from the other side. Coming to the brink we shuddered, for the waters rushed by us mournfully and heavily. For days we waited there, listening to her softly-whispered words, unwilling to give her to the waves. But a glorious Being, mightier than an angel, stood by her and said, "Fear not, thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

So He took her from us, and as she went over, we that were left saw dimly the white robes of those who watched for her on the other shore, and there came floating to our ears a sound as of the singing of a great multitude, and above the water's rushing we heard, "Where I am there ye may be also."

So we left the river's brink, for the wind blew cold and drear, though the light and the sound from the city of Delight gave us peace. Now go we again calmly on our way.

LIVE TO GLORIFY GOD.

WE need a better direction of human talents and Christian enterprise. Our lyrics are of war, pleasure, strife, partisanship. They should be of God and humanity, peace, freedom, purity, love. God asks for every faculty of man as his own, and claims dominion over every sphere of life.

SPIRIT COMMUNINGS.

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

Day's drooping wing is furled on his breast;
 And as a mother fondly soothes the woes
 Of her fair child to quiet, loving rest,
 And drapes its downy couch for soft repose,
 So Night his ample covering kindly spreads,
 Wooing the weary 'neath its folds to lie,
 Keeping his tender watch above their heads
 As breezes gently chime his lullaby.

O, this still hour, with thee, immortal thing,
 One fleeting hour I crave with thee alone,
 Thou which one day mayst wave on seraph wing,
 And soar to dwell near the eternal throne.
 To thy fair citadel I gladly come,
 Nor of life's toil or vexing cares I talk;
 Full much they share of time's most precious boon,
 But now apart with thee I fain would walk.

O, lead me forth within thy wide domain
 To mellow vales beneath the shady hills;
 I pine to breathe their fragrant airs again,
 And cool my thirst beside thy pearly rills.
 Ay, it is sweet to cull thy sunny flowers
 And brightly weave them into glorious thought,
 And I would joy to rest me in thy bowers
 Till I some beauteous imagery had wrought.

But I will trace the footprints as I go
 Of genial sympathies all pure and true;
 In their green impress ever sweetly grow
 The cherish'd roses dear to memory's view.
 Thy quivering harps amid the moonlit aisles,
 Which touchingly the soft-wind-fingers sway
 With notes so free from earthly woe and guiles,
 O, in their music I could ever stay!

But I would now to that more sacred place,
 The sanctuary we so oft have trod,
 In solemn awe each thought and act retrace,
 And know how stand we with our maker, God.
 Hovereth the white-wing'd angel, O my soul,
 Graciously o'er us as we pleading kneel,
 Blotting thy errors from the unseen scroll,
 Stamping thy brow with blood-besprinkled seal.

Dost love to bear, in ever-blooming health,
 The peaceful fruits of the eternal vine,
 And feel an heirship to the fadeless wealth
 That in thy Father's royal mansions shine?
 Tears meet for thee, Faith's golden gate ajar
 Invites thy gaze up to the hills of light;
 One glimpse of these elysian lands afar
 Is sunlight bursting through the shroud of night.

Not very far—hark! just the vale between,
 Canst list the voices once to thee so dear?
 Eyes soft and holy bending on thee seem,
 And thou dost feel sweet angel friends are near.
 Refreshing view with that fair company
 To thread the flowery paths of life's green shore,
 And breathe at last the inspirations free
 Where blooms the beautiful to die no more.

And often if in that bright realm above
 Thou holdest the earnest of a blissful share,
 'T is thine to sit beneath thy Father's love,
 And have communion with the blessed there.

A few more crosses borne in hopeful trust,
 And then at rest the folded hands shall lie,
 Waiting the morning when at God's behest
 The mortal claims its immortality.

GROWING BLIND.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

I THOUGHT I dearly loved my Savior
 When every thing was fair and bright,
 When all my days were full of pleasure,
 And life a dream of sweet delight.
 But since the clouds of grief have risen,
 And wild and loud the storm-winds roar,
 I feel while looking up to heaven
 I love my blessed Savior more.

I thought my heart was staid on heaven
 While yet I had an earthly home,
 But since those sacred ties were riven,
 And I have walked life's ways alone,
 My soul goes out with earnest love
 Toward the mansions of the blest,
 For I long to dwell with Christ above,
 And in his bosom rest.

And tho' each day my sight is fading,
 And all things fair are growing dim,
 My faith is strong, and though He slay me,
 My trust shall be alone in him;
 Alone in him whose love hath blest me
 Through all my pilgrimage below,
 Whose tender mercies ne'er have left me,
 And sweetened every cup of woe.

Blessed Jesus, come thou nearer,
 For my soul is tempest tried,
 Thou art to my bosom dearer
 Than the world or aught beside;
 O, guide me o'er life's stormy ocean
 By the power of thy will,
 And ever to my heart's commotion
 Gently whisper, Peace, be still.

PICTURED MOUNTAINS.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

My heart leaps up to meet you with a thrill
 Of unexpected joy. Ye are a part
 Of necessary landscape loveliness,
 And where ye are are babbling brooks, and rills,
 And foamy waterfalls.

My spirit sickens,
 Girdled with swamps and prairies, and I catch
 A purer breath in fancy as I gaze
 Upon your lightly-penciled images.
 O, mountains! like the Highlander of yore
 I could embrace you. Unto me ye seem
 The stepping-stones to heaven, quarried out
 From earthward passions, and to God allied.
 Inwoven with my first remembrances,
 Each early faith was somehow shaped by you;
 And I recall, down childhood's misty track,
 Ere my geography was learned, I thought,
 Could I but stand upon your tops, my head,
 So little then, could even touch the sky.

WILD BEARS IN CANADA.

BY HENRY JOHNSON.

IT was a real curiosity to see a bear! Bears were common, to be sure, in our menageries; but then to see a lazy, rolling, shaggy bear at large, and roving "in a state of nature," was something very distinct from seeing a bear where we *pay* to see wonders; wonders *then* become matters of course, now wonders *are* wonders, and no mistake! So, after I had seen the sights of that portion of Canada—especially the glorious scenery in and around Kingston—I ascended the country to Ottawa river about sixty miles to the mouth of the Madawaska river, where, as I learned, bears grow to a prodigious size, and brave the live Canadian almost at his own door.

Back a distance of seven miles, which was made on foot, was a settlement where here and there a farm had been made, and an old patriarch was rearing a healthy and robust generation of sons and daughters as inheritors of the paternal virtues of strength, honesty, and a broad provincial brogue. With one of these sturdy pioneers of John Bull in North America we made our temporary stay, for the time intended to be devoted to hunting.

I shall never forget with what feelings of impulse I waited for the approach of dawn on the first day of our arrival to begin the sport, as we were told that we would n't likely see a bear till night, and perhaps not for several nights in succession. The wheat crops, that, by the way, are the principal staple of Canada, were just in full grain, it being then the first of July, and our first tangible signs of the bear were seen in his ravages upon the outskirts of wheat-fields, all of which in that region are surrounded by thick woods of the various growth of oak, ash, gum, linn, etc. The bear will climb up to the top of a rail-fence, look cautiously toward the farm-house and around the field, and then deliberately tumble himself off, in the same manner that a log would tumble from the place; Bruin, however, always taking the precaution to fall *inside*, unless when pursued, in which latter case he falls in the particular manner to be able to gather himself up at the greatest possible distance from the hunter.

We are supposing a bear entering the premises. He lies still at the inner side of the fence till the noise of his fall off the fence shall have died away, and then, crawling along stealthily, touches the border of the wheat. This edge-wheat he finds too green for his purpose, and, in part to find riper grain, and in part to hide from sight, he practically *noses* his way into the field a couple of rods and sets himself up erect to

"survey the 'vantage of the ground.'" No unsociable object appearing, he stoops to his task. He first chews off the ears as far as he can reach them, and then placing his hind legs horizontally on a level with the ground, and at an angle of from forty-five to sixty degrees in proportion to the height of the straw, he pushes himself forward by placing his fore feet on either side behind, sweeping the wheat-ears together, covering a swath of from four to six feet. At first he eats the ears off clean by removing the fore feet from their hindward position, and using them in the same manner that a monkey would use his fore paws to feed himself.

The ground thus gone over is entirely lost for wheat, as it is left as flat as if a millstone had been dragged over it! Two or three large bears in a single night will prostrate an amazing amount of wheat. To prevent this the inhabitants resort to various stratagems. Stakes are sometimes placed inside the field at the most usual crossing places, with sharp spikes projecting upward for the unsuspecting sides of Bruin as he falls over. Some have placed spring guns to shoot him as he comes through the first skirt of the standing grain; but the uncertainty of his visit a second time at any one particular crossing place has thrown these appliances into little favor, if we might not say into total disuse. By far the most common mode of arresting the intruder is that of "sitting for him," which means simply this, that the difficulty being in mind when the land is cleared, small trees of various kinds, generally of scrub-oak, are left at convenient intervals all over the farm, and into these trees the farmer and each of his half-dozen boys climb, with gun in hand, to sit and watch during those hours of the night that are known to be chosen by the bear for feeding; namely, from eleven to two o'clock. As the farmers are generally greatly at leisure during the grain-curing season, a few nights devoted to shooting these troublesome animals from these small shade-trees is regarded as "a mere matter of moonshine," and to be highly repaid by the sport and the saving of grain, even though the oil and hide of the bear were worth nothing. Large numbers are killed yearly in this way.

The approach of the bear is signaled by the fall from the fence, and should the premises be a wheat-field, which are most commonly troubled, it is known that the "sitter" nearest that part of the fence is the man who will probably surprise the marauder. In autumn, however, when cut-corn lands, vine-fields, and turnip grounds are the scene of operation, a more enlarged scope for generalship is given. It is then that the bear, who enjoys to its highest degree of

completeness the sense of smell, is liable to be decoyed into closer quarters by ingenious baits, composed of beaten apples mixed with brown sugar and other like highly-scented preparations. In this case when the bear first catches scent of the bait he brings a sudden halt, and casts around in all directions without moving his hind feet, snuffing the air with great violence till he determines precisely in what direction the dainties may be found. Whenever this is determined he posts instantly to the spot. By the tenacity of the animal for savory dishes he is now readily entrapped, and if not too stout for the force, is taken prisoner, or shot off-hand as the emergency requires.

Immediately upon the report of a piece close at hand Bruin falls down, whether touched or not, and if not wounded, he instantly rises and puts off at a long jump for the nearest woods. Should he be pursued closely, his running changes to a short, confused run, not near so swift as the long leap, and should any considerable descents occur in his way, as for instance the hollows that are so common in that country, the bear literally rolls to the bottom, and rising, runs down the ravine, as it would seem, even though it lead to the "bottomless abyss." The bear when badly wounded runs at a short, jerking speed and climbs the first tree, and when mortally wounded usually cowers at once, or else makes attack upon the hunter.

In Canada it is no feat to *kill* a bear; the art is in securing him unhurt, which is rarely done, unless in case of young or infirm ones. One of the finest and largest I ever saw, however, was captured at the farm of our entertainer, and the feat was accomplished not without the subtlest stratagem and the united strength "of the entire company" when once he had been haltered. Snares, steel-traps, and dead-falls have proved very inefficient in the catching of bears, from their great muscular strength and capacity of endurance, and other means to suit the particular case have to be resorted to. Indeed, so cautious has he become that he tries every evasive trick first rather than the one upon which he is to be entrapped to get the tempting morsel from off the trap, and only as a last resort submits himself to the danger of being caught.

In this case, when, from the accustomed snuffing of the animal, we were warned that a bear was about, all hands concealed themselves inside the barn, which stood near the woods and at some distance from the house. The half of a whisky-barrel sawed through the middle had been placed in the ground about ten paces from the back-door, and was so buried that the ends of the staves stood up above the level some six

or eight inches. A rope was thrown in a noose, and placed over the top of the barrel, and the bait, sugar and mellow apple-peels, placed inside on the bottom. The rope that passed over the barrel was secured inside the barn by being tied to a pole placed crosswise, so that all our force on the inside could be well adjusted to draw the bear up into contact with the barn-door.

Presently our game came cautiously up, smelling in all possible directions, till, finally, he discovered the receptacle of the fruit. He looked on the whole thing in the evident light of suspicion as a contrivance calculated to put him into trouble. First he tried with several desperate efforts with both paws to draw over the barrel, but this failing, he was just about abandoning the adventure, as was plain from his beating a retreat of several paces, till, indeed, half a dozen loaded guns were leveled at him to prevent his escape. Then, with a sudden halt and wheel-about, as if to say, "Have a heart, poverty!" he returned; and failing in a last and powerful effort to upset the barrel, threw himself head and shoulders into it. This was the signal for a sudden jerk from within, and in a twinkling we had Bruin closely about the girth with a strong hemp rope, well secured at the other end, and becoming more and more closely allied to his ribs with each precipitous surge for freedom made by the unlucky captive. So vigorous were the efforts of the bear to escape, and so great was his strength, that it required the outlay of the entire strength of five of our company all the while to prevent our knuckles from being brought up against the side of the barn.

At length the animal seemed to fail in energy, and we succeeded in drawing him against the wall. Then fastening the rope so as to prevent his having too great play, two of our men cudgelled him soundly, till—as is the case with the bear when he finds an unfair advantage taken—he submitted with perfect humility and lamb-like gentleness to whatever we imposed on him. There is that in the nature of the bear which renders him a dangerous competitor evenhanded; but yet his nature is so sensitive to the sentiment of "foul play," that he soon disdains to contend against the odds.

During the fortnight that we kept this bear at the farm where he was captured—and he was of enormous size and of mature age—he had become so docile as to take food out of the hand of any one, and to walk about the yard at the length of a twenty-feet rope. From the woods he was carried down the Ottawa river to Montreal, sold for fifty dollars, and, as we learned by a paragraph in an English paper since, he arrived safely in the mother country, where he was greatly

prized by his owners, and was visited by crowds of Englishmen, who, never having seen America, marvel much at the wondrous productions of the provinces! As settlement succeeds the wilds of the northern forests, the more ferocious and dangerous animals recede; but living black bears are found in portions of the Canadas in vast numbers, and will, probably, be found in plenty for the next quarter of a century.

THE FINE ARTS—PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY REV. W. F. STRICKLAND, D. D.

Usefulness of the Arts—Equalization of Enjoyments—Importance of Photography—Its Applications—Brady's Gallery—Clerical Gallery—All the Professions—Beautiful Women—Methodist Divines.

WE claim a greater latitude for the fine arts than is to be found in the old definition, which restricted them to poetry, music, painting, and sculpture. We make not this demand, however, because we consider photography as not legitimately belonging to the realm of taste and imagination. As a polite art, we believe it worthy of a high place in the esthetical world, while, as a useful art, it commends itself in an eminent degree.

It is worthy of special notice, that while the great advantages which have resulted from the discoveries of art during the past half century have been of a general application, they have tended more effectually perhaps than any other agency—Christianity excepted—to equalize the condition of mankind, and bridge the gulf between the rich and the poor, bringing within the reach of the latter those advantages and blessings which seemed to be the exclusive heritage of the former.

The time was when the poor man, comparatively speaking, was shut out from the surrounding world, his poverty placing him in the condition of one in "jail bounds." If his loved ones crossed the mountains to seek a home in the fertile valleys of the west, they were forever removed from his gaze; the expense of travel and the time required to reach them was such that the farewells were sad as the departure from time itself. But now the west, the far west, if it can be found, is at his door and at a trifling expense compared with a stage-coach or a horseback trip of olden time, consuming months; he can enter the steam-car and away, as on the wings of the wind; he can scale the mountains, flit over the plains, cross the valleys, and in a few days greet his loved ones in their western homes. The old and the new world have also been brought together, and the distance between the old homestead in England and Germany and the log-cabin in the

west has been reduced from months to days. The man of small means may now cross the Atlantic in a first-class steamer, from New York, for fifty dollars. The time was when the poor man, in cases of life and death, could not command the swift-winged messenger in the form of an express rider, with relays to bear his message; but now, for a few shillings, he can command the lightning and it shall bear his word unbroken and uninterrupted "from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth."

But of all the instances of monopoly which the rich enjoyed over the poor, none more sensibly impressed the latter with the great distinction between them and the former, than their inability to procure the portrait of their nearest and dearest friend about to separate from them, perhaps forever. Till recently this luxury could only be enjoyed by the wealthy. Frightful caricatures or miserable daubs from itinerant artists might be obtained at killing rates to the poor, who are always the victims of humbugs and cheap wares, but a life-like portrait was out of the question. The bright and beautiful sun, which shines alike upon the rich and the poor, has, however, come to their relief, and, becoming the poor man's artist, paints, as no human hand can paint, life-like portraits for a sum within the reach of all.

Within the past ten years the photographic art has fully developed itself, and has become a subject of the greatest interest and importance to the student, the antiquarian, and the traveler, as well as to the professional artist; and now the latest discoveries of Layard or Livingstone, Robinson or Bayard Taylor, among the countless objects of interest in Egypt, Assyria, or the classical old world, are photographed upon the spot, and furnished to us with a truthfulness and accuracy which the pencil of the artist, however skillful he may be, can never approach in the remotest degree. These objects of interest are presented to our view *exactly as they are*, reflected as it were in a mirror—nothing left to be filled in from the fancy and poetry of the artist. We know, while standing in an art exhibition-room, that we are gazing upon objects and scenes in the old world as faithfully reflected as though gazing upon our own face, with all its angles and wrinkles, in the glass. Nor is this all; photography has been turned to a more practical account, and now photographers are sent out in company with civil engineers, and such as are connected with war departments, and photographs of all objects, either valuable in a professional point of view or interesting as illustrative of history, ethnology, zoölogy, antiquities, etc., are transmitted to the various departments

at home. Recently a professor of chemistry at Paris has discovered a novel application of the art, by which it may be used in ornamenting silk stuffs, and the richest patterns can be obtained on plain silks at a comparatively trifling expense. It has also been applied to printing and lithography, with the most satisfactory results; thus bringing its wondrous power to bear upon almost every object, movable and immovable, on earth. Nor is it confined to this terrene sphere. The camera, like the telescope, has been directed to the heavens, and "pale Cynthia's" face has been photographed in her own reflected light. To the astronomer photography has been of immense service in enabling him to ascertain the micrometric measurements of the distance apart of the members in double and triple stars, as well as for measuring the intensity of the light of the stars; and its wonders, with that of the telescope, are yet destined to increase, enlarging the boundaries of science far beyond our present knowledge. But enough on the general subject.

Have you ever, Mr. Editor, been in Brady's Gallery? But why ask this question when I know your *fac simile* hangs upon its walls, if not "as large as life," we may say, at least, quite as "natural." As we do not belong to the "Mutual Admiration Society," which your "Literary Correspondent" tried to join, but who was not sufficiently "good looking" to be "taken in;" and as his failure on that account has forever barred the doors against our homely self, you can not expect me to praise your good looks to your face. I can say, however, that you are in good company. Such an array of clerical celebrities never were together before. The "divine" gallery is quite large. Popes, cardinals, archbishops, bishops, doctors, and pastors in thick profusion meet the eye at every turn. Here are statesmen, living and dead, constituting one of the finest national galleries in the world; ambassadors, plenipotentiaries, attachés and consuls, judges, lawyers, physicians, authors, artists, prima donnas, and litterateurs—the latter, like the clerical gallery, representing the different professions. Here may be seen the most distinguished officers of the army and navy, all properly grouped, and making these galleries the most important and interesting place for the study of American character one can find.

Mr. Brady has four extensive galleries, one in Washington and three in New York—one opposite the museum, another in the upper part, and the third in the central part of Broadway. This latter is by far the most extensive of his galleries, and the visitor to New York will here find his curiosity and love for the beautiful gratified. Mr. Brady is an eclectic, and one must not expect to

find every character represented on his walls. Like Dickens's barber, who refused to shave coal-heavers, he finds it necessary to stop somewhere, and so leaves the prize-fighters, shoulder-hitters, political demagogues, Fourth of July orators, sensation-preachers, and other newspaper celebrities to the execution of less fastidious artists, of which there are any quantity in New York.

Last, though not least, may be found an array of the most beautiful and accomplished women that any country can boast. They are not cold, somber daguerreotype expressions, but beautifully colored, and a reproduction of the originals, even to the fall of the rich velvet, the sweep of the pearly satin, the fret-work of lace, and the soft, natural tints that belong to each. The individuality is not lost in these pictures, as not a feature or expression is changed. Generally the portraits are spiritualized, the great artist, the sun, seeming to have consumed the dross of earth and left the soul's pure gold. Lady Napier, Lady Bury, Madame Le Vert, and Lady Gore Ousley; Mrs. Crittenden, Miss Lane, Mrs. Hale, and Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie; Mrs. Douglas, Fitzpatrick, Brown, and Pugh, of Washington society, are among the number in the ladies' gallery. Among the artistes are Jenny Lind, Piccolomini, and numerous others. Mrs. Palmer, the author of the Stratford Gallery, is one of the most exquisite specimens of art. The full-length, life-size portrait of Madame Frezzalini challenges universal attention, and, to artists especially, is an object of great interest, presenting, as it does, the proof of Mr. Brady's improvement in the appearance of the prima donna's hand, the beautiful proportion of which is preserved, though advanced several inches on a table at her side.

We feel unwilling to conclude this short article without referring to some of the portraits of distinguished Methodist divines. On the left, as you enter, you will see a most exact and striking likeness of the late venerated Bishop Waugh. That inimitable smile which always played like a sunshine over his calm, benignant features, is there. That great soul still seems to beam from those dark, expressive eyes. Next you look upon the face, as large as life, of the great historian of the Church, Dr. Bangs. To see him but once is to know him forever. The engraving in the Repository, which has been so admirably executed by Mr. Buttre, is taken from one of Brady's photographs. Then there is the full-length portrait of Bishop Janes, with its calm and thoughtful expression, and also that of Dr. Durbin, which is considered the most perfect of any representation of that greatest of American divines, together with numerous other representative men of the Methodist Church.

THE PHANTOM PRAYER.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

O, FATHER, take the diamonds hence,
 For me they have no worth;
 My spirit craves a higher good
 Than tinsel toys of earth.
 Though ye should bring its richest pearls,
 Or ocean's brightest gem,
 Or round my throbbing temples twine
 Fame's proudest diadem,
 Or treasures, gleaned from shore to shore,
 Bribes, culled from pole to pole;
 They all would be as useless drops,
 Contrasted with the soul.
 I can not wear this slavish gear,
 My heart is light and free;
 The necklace, bracelet, brooch, and rings,
 Would be as bonds to me.
 My deathless soul asserts its claim,
 Demands its noblest right;
 Dear Father! take the trash away,
 It palls upon my sight.
 O would ye gorge my starving mind
 With tasteless husks of earth;
 Or strive to slake its yearning thirst
 With vapid draughts of mirth?
 Thy daughter's blood from out the depths
 Of blackest woe would rise;
 A martyr's shade to haunt thy peace;
 A fearful sacrifice.
 Yes, take them all, with friends, and home,
 And life, if there were need;
 But give me Jesus in exchange,
 And I am rich indeed.
 Divest me of what Nature gave,
 Disown me if ye will;
 But, O, as there's a God in heaven,
 Thy child will love thee still!
 A wandering exile, o'er the world
 Henceforward doomed to stray;
 But oft my soul will linger round
 Its early home to pray.
 The father's brow grew dark: "Go forth!"
 Leaped from his quivering tongue!
 But think you that the child alone
 From his hard heart was flung?
 Dark days, and sleepless nights, and dreams
 Of vague forebodings past;
 And then his heart seemed calm and strong,
 In stern resolve at last.
 The storm had spent its violence,
 Reason resumed her sway;
 But, ah! the tempest's breath had swept
 His peerless flower away.
 At length, within her vacant room,
 A murmuring sound he heard,
 Like the low, dolorous warblings
 Of some expiring bird!
 His white locks shook with wild dismay;
 No trace of aught was there,
 Save what his guilty conscience heard—
 That daughter's lingering prayer!
 The father in his stubborn breast

Was stirred, till grief ran wild:
 "Take all I have on earth," he cried,
 "But bring me back my child!"
 She came! sweet angels drew around
 That scene a hallowed veil,
 That gazing eyes might not intrude,
 Or lips repeat the tale.
 Enough—that ere another day
 Had fled with rapid pace,
 One more repentant heart was thrilled
 With God's redeeming grace.

THE NIGHT-ANGEL.

BY ANNA M. PELTON.

As the angel of Slumber at midnight
 Walks over the beautiful earth,
 With a kiss for the children of Sorrow,
 And a hush for the hearts of mirth,
 With silent, with fast-falling footsteps
 Her mission to man she fulfills,
 Nor folds up her snowy-white pinions
 Till daylight breaks over the hills.
 Up the steep of the towering mountain;
 In valley, in lonely retreat;
 Where the waters to noisy old ocean
 Haste onward with untiring feet;
 In forest—where 'neath wide-spread branches
 The red man his blanket has laid,
 And gipsy-eyed Indian maidens
 Recline in the deep cedar shade;
 She doth go with her soft, gentle fingers,
 The eyes of the weary to close,
 And doth lock up the senses so softly
 In quiet and blissful repose.
 But e'en as a fair, bashful maiden
 Shrinks back from the rude gazer's sight,
 She foldeth a mantle about her,
 And walks in the darkness of night.
 Little children she taketh to dream-land;
 She stilleth their boisterous play,
 And as happy and pure as the angels,
 In slumberous beauty they lay.
 Full many a castle she buildeth,
 For eyes shut in sleeping to see;
 Full many a future she painteth
 Of bliss that is never to be.
 There 's a home for the poor, homeless orphan;
 There is bread for the starving one;
 There is ease for those who are racked with pain,
 And a refuge for the undone.
 There 's peace for the unquiet spirit,
 For the troubled soul there is rest;
 Love hies again to the widowed arms,
 And the bird to the rifed nest.
 O thou beautiful angel of Slumber,
 I have waited thy coming long!
 Dost thou visit with slumber all mankind,
 And pass by the child of song?
 Now fold up thy snowy-white pinions,
 For daylight breaks over the hill:
 God giveth a sleep to his beloved,
 And he giveth to whom he will.

THE UNKNOWN, OR VIRTUE REWARDED.

A COLLOQUY.

BY MARY A. HARLOW.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ISABEL ASHTON,	TIMOTHY LISCOMB, <i>a Miser,</i>
FANNY ASHTON,	JAMES LISCOMB,
HENRY ASHTON,	CADMAS, <i>an Astrologer,</i>
MR. BURNHAM,	JACK HALL,
MRS. BURNHAM,	FRANK STANLEY,
ARTHUR BURNHAM,	BRIDGET MAHONEY, <i>Servant</i>
MABEL BURNHAM,	<i>of Mr. Burnham,</i>
MR. RUSSEL,	SHERIFF.
EDGAR WILLARD,	

CHAPTER I. *Isabel Ashton, Fanny Ashton, and the Astrologer.*

Isabel.—O, Fanny, what a dreadful night! I have been trying to drive away my sad thoughts with pleasant fancies, but I can listen to nothing but the mournful howling of the storm. How terrible it must be upon the ocean to-night! I shudder when I think of our only brother, in a frail vessel, tossing about at the mercy of the waves. What, Fanny! weeping? Forgive me, I should have spoken of sunshine instead of clouds.

Fanny.—No, Isabel, speak only of clouds. Our sun will never rise again.

Isabel.—I can not believe it. Hope is not dead in my heart. It has lived through all our sad reverses. True, sorrow has pursued us relentlessly. Its first approach was when that serpent, in the form of an angel, entered our little Eden. Fanny, the defrauder of the orphan will not go unpunished. "Justice may sleep, but never dies;" and I believe, yes, I *know* that some time a portion, at least, of our splendid fortune will be restored to us. Our father toiled all his life to gain it, believing that when he could no longer care for us, that would be our protection. But, alas! the very man who had won all his confidence, and to whose care we were religiously committed, could not resist the glittering temptation. Thus are we thrown upon the world to struggle with its sorrows, and our darling brother finds his home upon the ocean. The multitude of friends who flattered and admired us in our days of prosperity, left us as soon as the golden charm was broken; and our aunt, the proud, selfish wife of John Burnham, scorns her brother's memory by despising his children. I rejoice that he is not pained with a knowledge of our sorrows; and, as they can not be avoided, do you not think it our duty to lighten them as much as possible by believing that they are soon to end? And our lot is not so bitter as that of many others. My dear sister, we are not the only orphans in the world. No families are unvisited by death.

We have a noble brother who would sacrifice his life for us, and one faithful friend who is dear to us as a brother, in the family of uncle Burnham. Can we say we are alone while we have Arthur Burnham for a friend?

Fanny.—Ah, Isabel, another shadow! Cousin Arthur has indeed a noble, unselfish heart, but he is pursuing a course which is fast leading him to ruin. He may be to-night in one of the dens of this great city supping from the wine-cup, or occupying a place at the gaming-table.

Isabel.—Fanny, I will lead him back to the path of virtue. Do not shake your head so incredulously. I am full of confidence and hope, because I know that Arthur Burnham detests the course he is pursuing. Is it a matter of wonder that one possessing his disposition has yielded so quickly to temptation? His generous, affectionate heart finds at home neither sympathy nor love, and he turns from it and plunges wildly into the first excitement which presents itself. His father does not realize the wrong he is doing. He is very proud of his son, gives him money liberally, and believes his duty is accomplished. His mother has but one aim—to be a fashionable woman; and she has educated her daughter for the same noble purpose. I do not wonder that Arthur calls this his home, and you, Henry, and me his only true friends. His sister is a traitor to her duty, and I will take the place which she should occupy. He does not practice vice because he loves it, Fanny. He still admires virtue for its own sake. While you were absent yesterday he was here. How pale and care-worn he looked! Calling me "sister Bell," he threw his head into my lap and asked me to sing that dear old song we used to sing together in childhood. I did so, and tears filled his eyes. I knew he was thinking of those happy, innocent days, and wishing that they had never passed away. I saw that the favorable moment had come, and I told him, very gently, of his great danger, of the attractions of virtue, and of the sorrow we had experienced on his account. What do you think was his answer?

Fanny.—Indeed, I can not tell. What was it, Isabel?

Isabel.—Tears, Fanny. He could not call pride to his aid. He was melted, subdued; and he promised me, most solemnly, to forsake forever all his evil associates, and henceforth to live for some noble purpose. And he will fulfill that promise, and will occupy in society that high position for which he is so amply qualified.

Fanny.—O if it could be so!

Isabel.—It can; it will be! Why do you allow your present misfortunes to sadden all your prospects? Because a villain has defrauded us of

our rights, and a few butterfly friends have forsaken us, does it follow that there is neither truth nor goodness in the world? For my part I should be cheerful, and even happy, if this terrible storm did not threaten Henry with danger. Hark! what noise is that? a step in the hall! Who can be coming here this dreadful night and at this late hour? (*Enter the Astrologer.*)

Isabel.—Sir, will you explain the object of this visit?

Astrologer.—I go wherever the stars direct. I am not master of my own wishes. If the tempest were a hundred times fiercer than it is, the same power would have forced me through the darkness, and I should have stood before you, as I now do, to reveal the inevitable decrees of fate.

Isabel.—Fate? In pity, sir, explain this mystery.

Astrologer.—Have I not already said that an irresistible power leads me wheresoever it will? Listen to me. I am Cadmas, the astrologer. Born under the planet Venus, it became my peculiar province to trace the courses of the stars. There is not a planet, however remote, whose name and revolutions are unknown to me. My eye pierces beyond the blue boundary above us and beholds prospects, by others unseen and unknown. There is a connection between those unknown worlds and the fate of mortals, and I was born possessed of the sacred power of tracing out this mysterious connection. While gazing through these clouds to-night I beheld every secret of your life. It is of the future that I now speak. As the morning sun will shine forth with undimmed splendor, so is the sun of prosperity about to rise and shine upon you. Remember, *two fortunate events are about to take place.* The first will be the commencement of joy; the second, its perfection.

Isabel.—Mysterious man, what am I to think of this communication?

Astrologer.—*That the stars are never false.* Hinder me no longer; I have other work to accomplish. (*He goes out.*)

Fanny.—O, Isabel, what can it mean?

Isabel.—Indeed, I do not know. "Two fortunate events are about to take place."

Fanny.—Did he say so? I was so frightened I did not understand.

Isabel.—Yes, I could not forget that.

Fanny.—And his manner was so strange—so solemn. O, I tremble yet!

Isabel.—Calm yourself, Fanny. It is indeed a mystery, but I think we have nothing to fear.

CHAPTER II. *The Burnham family.*

Mabel.—O, ma, I have just heard such interesting news! You will be delighted.

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Mrs. B.—Indeed! What is it, Mabel?

Mabel.—Why, an English nobleman is about to visit this city—Lord Richmond. The most interesting part of the story is, he is young and unmarried.

Mrs. B.—Ah! that is delightful. Who told you, Mabel?

Mabel.—O! the Deans, and the Browns, and the Whitmores—in fact, I was told of it everywhere, and was so mortified that we should be the last to know of it. Every body is in a fever of expectation.

Mrs. B.—I do not wonder. How soon is he expected?

Mabel.—O, in a very short time! The season is opening so delightfully.

Arthur.—What is this wonderful affair about which you are talking?

Mabel.—Have you not heard, Arthur, that Lord Richmond is coming to this country?

Arthur.—Lord Richmond? No, indeed. Who cares if he does come?

Mrs. B.—Why do you not take some interest in society, Arthur? You might be an ornament to our circle.

Arthur.—Doubtless I could be. What particular qualifications must one possess to shine in your circle?

Mrs. B.—Now, Arthur, do not begin your unreasonable way of talking. I was only thinking that as Lord Richmond is about to enter society, what a pity it is that you will not assist in supporting the position of our family.

Arthur.—Quite an inducement, I confess. When will his Lordship make his royal appearance? I would like to commence preparations for that event.

Mr. B.—What did you say you were going to prepare for, Arthur?

Arthur.—To usher his highness, Lord Richmond, into genteel society.

Mrs. B.—Have you heard, Mr. Burnham, what we have been saying? But of course you have not. You never can hear any thing when you are reading the bank reports. It is very interesting news, I assure you.

Mr. B.—Tell it, then, as quickly as possible.

Mrs. B.—A young English nobleman, Lord Richmond, is about to enter society—unmarried, of course.

Mabel.—O, pa! is there not a prospect of a delightful season?

Mr. B.—Yes, and a prospect of spending a great deal of money foolishly. I dislike these foreign coxcombs. I should not be surprised if this Lord Richmond should prove to be a London chimney-sweep.

Arthur.—Ha, ha, ha! "Old men for counsel."

Mrs. B.—It is very provoking, Mr. Burnham, to hear you talk in that way. Of course there can be no mistake about his identity; and as for money, I would like to know how we can spend it more advantageously than in sustaining our name. I do not know how you feel about it, but I am anxious that our daughter should form an alliance worthy of our position.

Arthur.—We should not stoop to any thing lower than a coronet, certainly.

Mr. B.—Well, when this Lord Richmond comes he must be lionized, of course. But let me escape to the library. I am anxious to enjoy what peace I can before he does come. (*He goes out.*)

Arthur.—Father resigns himself to his fate with the indifference of a martyr. If I had supposed I could have drawn his attention from that paper again, I would have tried to encourage him in this generous self-sacrifice for the public good. But this most important item of intelligence being first disposed of, what more did you hear, Miss Mabel? This has sharpened my curiosity. I believe I was never before so interested in hearing the news in all my life.

Mabel.—I heard that the Bradshaws are about leaving the city for New Orleans. I am heartily glad of it; that Evelyn is such a disagreeable creature.

Arthur.—And such a successful husband-hunter, too. She might, possibly, have turned her attention to Lord Richmond. But go on, Mabel.

Mabel.—I called on the Misses Brown, and they inquired very particularly about you, Arthur, and hoped they should have the pleasure of meeting you at Mrs. Dean's ball to-morrow evening.

Arthur.—Ah! you flatter me. What reply did you make to them?

Mabel.—What reply could I make? If you will persist in spending your evenings wherever you happen to be, and in walking the streets in broad daylight with Isabel and Fanny Ashton, what can we say when people ask us why you do not mingle in fashionable society?

Arthur.—Tell them, if you please, that I hate fashionable society as heartily as I do them.

Mrs. B.—Arthur Burnham, how can you be so ungrateful, so destitute of feeling? You possess beauty, natural talents, and every advantage which wealth can bestow; and instead of prizing them in the least degree, they are entirely lost upon you. When you might mingle in the most refined society in this country, you choose beggars for your companions. I wonder that people of our class still recognize you, you have so debased yourself.

Arthur.—I am exceedingly obliged to them for their condescension. I dare say I am a lucky

fellow in receiving it. But should the time ever arrive when even your popularity fails to draw from them this manifestation of respect, do not solicit it, but say to them boldly, that Arthur Burnham has risen as far above their scorn as he has above their adulation. I wish you good evening. (*He goes out.*)

Mabel.—Now, that is all the satisfaction one gets from talking with Arthur. Such fine speeches! He learned that last one of Isabel Ashton, I am sure. It is so like her.

Mrs. B.—We can never make any thing of him; that is out of the question. I gave it up long ago. But let me see what you have bought, Mabel.

Mabel.—Yes, ma, in a moment; but first I wish to tell you about a most provoking affair. As I was riding up Broadway this afternoon, with the Deans, who should we meet but Arthur, Isabel, and Fanny, in a splendid carriage! I was obliged to answer all the saucy questions of the Deans. And that is not all. Accidentally meeting Colonel Howard, he asked me where my beautiful cousins, the Misses Ashton, were. He said he had not met them in society since his return to the city. I congratulate myself that Lord Richmond will be secure from their influence.

Mrs. B.—Ah! that is fortunate. I wonder what the secret of their attractions is. But let us go and look at your dress and embroidery. This ball is the first of the season, and it is important, very important, that you make a sensation at the outset.

CHAPTER III. *The Brother's return.*

Arthur.—Yes, Isabel, you are right; joy can exist only in an innocent heart. But how few understand the great secret of living as you have explained it! Yes, they understand it perhaps, but have no desire to live thus. It was not because the path of duty was unknown to me that I wandered from it; but I have always been governed by impulse, and have followed blindly the most powerful attractions. If my mother possessed your disposition, how different my life would have been; but free from parental restraint, and almost free from parental love, I have drifted about upon the great ocean of life without hope and without aim. But I could not silence the voice of conscience. It whispered to me continually of a better life. And I have earnestly longed for it, and wished, many times, that the grave might shield me from the power of temptation. But a new prospect has opened before me. Influenced by you, I have commenced a new life; but I am not proof against temptation, and, be assured, it will be presented to me in its most attractive forms. The good

seed which you have sown must be watched, or tares will spring up and choke it.

Isabel.—I am ready to do every thing in my power; but much more depends upon your own exertions. You say that temptation will be presented to you. Arthur, can you not avoid temptation?

Arthur.—Perhaps so. When Jack Hall, or any other of my old companions, ask me to spend an evening with them socially, I can refuse if I have sufficient moral strength. But I can not avoid meeting them, unless I renounce the world and turn hermit. You do not know what trials I have already experienced to avoid them.

Isabel.—Have you told them firmly that you have forever abandoned their pursuits and commenced a new life?

Arthur.—I have not.

Isabel.—Then do so immediately. We must declare ourselves in favor of that cause in which we wish to succeed. I promise you if you will do so, and will remain firm in your decision, you will soon be abandoned by them.

Arthur.—You are always right, Isabel, and I will not doubt you now. My greatest care shall be to follow your directions. But let us change the subject. Where is Fanny? Ah! here she comes. Good evening, Fanny. Your work for the day is done, is it not?

Fanny.—Yes, and Isabel's should be. Throw down that embroidery and let us have a chat. What fatiguing work it is to teach music to stupid children! When I left Mrs. Davenport's I was almost exhausted, but the cool air revived me, and I glided homeward without a thought of weariness. But I have something to read to you from my paper. "The ship John Adams, bound for New York, sailed from Liverpool on Monday, the 2d inst."

Arthur.—On the 2d! Then it must be near port. It would not be strange if we were made glad by the appearance of our sailor boy at any time.

Isabel.—I am reminded of that terrible storm. How many vessels were dashed to pieces on that dreadful night; and how many sailors, dear to some hearts as our brother is to ours, found their graves in the cold, dark waters! And who knows but that Henry shared the same fate?

Fanny.—You forget that the astrologer said, "Two fortunate events are soon to take place." Have you no faith in his predictions? I find great pleasure in believing that what I most dearly wish will be granted.

(Bell rings. *Isabel opens the door.*)

Henry (entering).—Home again, Isabel.

Isabel.—O Henry! my heart told me it was you. A thousand welcomes!

Henry.—And here is dear Fanny, and Arthur, too.

Arthur.—The family circle is once more complete.

Henry.—Yes, we are all here; I knew I was to have no half joy to-night.

Isabel.—You measure your own happiness by ours, do you not, Henry?

Fanny.—Sit down by my side, dear brother. You are not going to leave us again, are you?

Henry.—Only for a few moments. I must tell you, first of all, that I did not come alone. Isabel, you are the mistress of the house. Will you admit to its hospitality a friend of mine, whom I rescued from the wreck of the John Adams?

Arthur.—From the wreck of the John Adams! Isabel, you were right.

Henry.—Yes, our noble vessel went down during the storm on Tuesday night. This poor fellow was washed from the deck, but clinging to a floating spar, he kept above water till I pulled him into the boat. He was quite exhausted, and is still very weak. I told him how soon we would cure him, and he begged me to bring him here.

Arthur.—Is he a sailor, Henry?

Henry.—O, no! He may be a king for all that I know. He certainly appears kingly. All I can tell you about him is, he has got just such a heart as a sailor loves; that his name is Edgar Willard; that he is an Englishman, and apparently very rich.

Isabel.—And you would bring him here to recover his health? Of course I did not doubt the generosity of a sailor; but are you sure you have chosen an altogether suitable home for this rich foreigner?

Henry.—Why not a suitable home? He insisted upon coming here, and I told him that although he might belong to the royal family, he had never seen any one superior to my sisters.

Isabel.—O, Henry, how inconsiderate!

Henry.—Well, Isabel, you consent to his coming? Arthur, help me conduct him in. He must be shivering with cold before this time, in spite of the blankets which I wrapped around him.

Arthur.—Is he here?

Henry.—Certainly. We rode up from the landing. Come, Arthur. (*Enter Edgar Willard.*)

Henry.—Mr. Willard, this is my sister Isabel; and this my little pet, Fanny.

Edgar Willard.—Good evening, Misses Ashton. I have but one apology to make for this intrusion; I am your brother's friend.

Isabel.—Be assured that to our humble home Henry's friends are always welcomed.

Edgar Willard.—I knew his heart so well that I did not doubt the kindness of your reception. But my feelings toward Henry are far different

from those arising merely from friendship. He saved my life at the peril of his own.

Henry.—Yes, and I acknowledge I am proud of it; for the merit of such an act depends upon the value of the life which is saved; not upon the risk incurred.

Edgar Willard.—Public opinion will not sustain you in that idea, Henry, as we shall see by the morning papers. My rescue was not the only heroic act performed by the daring sailor, Henry Ashton. Did you say, Mr. Burnham, that you had not heard of the wreck of the John Adams till our arrival?

Arthur.—This is our first certain intelligence of it; but Isabel's fears conjectured such a calamity on the night of the storm.

Henry.—Had you not enough real trouble, Isabel, without seeking imaginary ones?

Isabel.—You see that this was a reality, my brother; but now that you have returned I will promise to be always happy if you wish.

Henry.—Will you promise this, Fanny? But I can read your answer in your sparkling eyes. Is there any other joy dearer than that of returning home after a long absence?

Isabel.—You forget, Henry, that Mr. Willard is "a stranger in a strange land."

Edgar Willard.—Do not let that thought cloud your happiness. It is true I have been visited to-night with many a vision of home. But this does not render me indifferent to your joys; it prepares me to sympathize with them.

Henry.—Say that you will also share them. While you remain with us our business shall be to make you forget that you are a stranger. I know that I speak the feelings of all our hearts.

Edgar Willard.—And I will return thanks to all. I did not imagine myself, even before I left my native England, in a situation so charming upon the night of my arrival. My first message to the friends with whom I parted so regretfully shall be, that instead of meeting the cold indifference of strangers, I have already found a happy home, and have been welcomed to it by both beauty and affection.

CHAPTER IV. *The Faithful Friend.*

Mr. Russel.—Do I address the daughter of Philip Ashton?

Isabel.—You do, sir.

Mr. Russel.—And this is Isabel—yes, I should easily recognize those eyes and those features, so like Philip's. Have you forgotten your father's early friend?

Isabel.—Mr. Russel! This is indeed a pleasant surprise. I am happy to welcome you back to your native land.

Mr. Russel.—The cordiality with which I am

received by my friends is truly gratifying. There are but few who have recognized me as readily as you have. That long residence in foreign lands has changed me much outwardly. I perceive that time has been making changes here also.

Isabel.—Ah! yes, sad changes.

Mr. Russel.—Your father's failing health prepared me somewhat for the sad intelligence of his death; but I have mourned him as a friend whose place could never be supplied. It was consoling to me to think that his orphan children possessed a fortune sufficient for all their wants. Imagine, then, my grief and indignation, when, on my return, I learned that you were penniless. Where is your brother, Isabel? I could gain no information of him.

Isabel.—He is a sailor, sir, and returned from his first voyage but a few days since.

Mr. Russel.—A sailor! I remember well the pride with which your father used to regard his only son, the successor to his name and fortune. Although we witness great changes, I was not prepared for the one which your family has experienced. And you have, for two years, maintained yourselves without assistance?

Isabel.—Yes, and we are neither weary nor discouraged. I never understood the beauty and dignity of labor till I was compelled to engage in it. I do not doubt that Henry has also been benefited by his manly exertions in his own behalf. There are but few occupations which appear to us more objectionable than the one which necessity compelled him to choose, and I have looked forward to its result with much anxiety. But he has returned, and is, to all appearance, the same frank, noble boy that left us. We have, at least, learned what we are able to accomplish when thrown upon our own resources, and the discipline, although at first severe, has been beneficial in its results.

Mr. Russel.—I am glad to hear from you so candid and truthful a view of the subject. By your remarks I recognize the daughter of Philip Ashton. It is true that adversity best develops our strength, and you are fortunate in proving yourselves equal to your circumstances; but it seems hardly right that for the sake merely of testing your powers a villain should fraudulently possess himself of your property.

Isabel.—Then you understand the cause which produced this great change? Does it seem possible to you that a man like James Liscomb, one who possessed apparently every virtue, could prove to be such a finished villain?

Mr. Russel.—I assure you I was not prepared for such intelligence. But your question brings to my mind the particular object of my visit.

As I remarked before, I learned, on my arrival, of your change of fortune, and possessing myself with all the facts which could be gained, I saw at once the scheme by which Liscomb accomplished his purpose. No one else knew your father's business circumstances except myself, and I was in Europe; so imagining that there was no one to dispute his representations, he formed a cunning scheme and succeeded; but, thank fortune, he is not yet beyond my grasp. By a train of circumstances, which I need not now relate, I learned that he was living in a neighboring state, and, under an assumed name, was enjoying an extensive practice, and was highly esteemed for those virtues which he knows so well how to assume. There is also a report that his father is a miser, living alone and in extreme poverty in the same town; that the father and son are frequently together, in spite of their widely-different tastes. I can not help believing that they are in some way connected in their villainous pursuits. But this will appear in time. Every thing is now ready for action. I have sufficient proofs of his fraud at hand to warrant his arrest, and I wish to start immediately for the town where he resides. It is important that you accompany me. If it will be convenient for you to do so we will commence our journey to-morrow.

Isabel.—And you are sure that you shall succeed in this attempt?

Mr. Russel.—There can be no doubt of it. The reason why I have not before informed you of my purpose is, that I did not wish to excite hopes till I was sure they could be realized.

Isabel.—And you have undertaken this for us unasked? Thank Heaven, we have a few disinterested friends!

Mr. Russel.—Do not speak of it. Do I owe less than this to your father's memory? His friendship could not be purchased with gold—mine can not. Do you think you can be ready to-morrow?

Isabel.—Yes, sir.

Mr. Russel.—Then I will now take my leave, as I have engagements to attend to previous to my departure. Good morning, Isabel. Go and congratulate your brother and sister.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

FAITH.

THE power of faith can anticipate time, and make future things present. If we are the true sons of Abraham, we are already, while we sojourn here on earth, possessors of our land of promise; while we seek our country, we have it.—*Hall.*

"SELF-MADE."

BY M. B. STEWART.

"Man is the creature of circumstances."

IT is not a century since appeared a new actor on the stage of the old world. The multitudes are entranced—a new era succeeds. The fickle goddess seems to have showered a multitude of favors on him. Armies are ready to do his will, and heads bow to receive the crown and scepter from his hands. The world applauds; but ambition's topmost pinnacle is not reached, and loving hearts are crushed in his pathway as he strides madly on.

But a change comes, and Fortune frowns on her late favorite. Truly in life's great drama there was never such another actor—none who comes before us in so many characters—soldier, First Consul, Emperor, exile—and the ocean surges around the "island rock" seem to repeat this favorite saying of the "Man of Destiny," "Man is the creature of circumstances." But ere we accept this proposition as true, let us inquire how much the ungoverned passion of ambition had to do with Napoleon's mad career. He hesitated before no obstacles. Human blood and treasure flowed at his command. Even the diviner ties of affection deterred him not. We observe how his star of fortune rose, and having reached its culmination rapidly declined to its setting.

Retribution followed his wrong-doing. The "circumstances" were but the effects of his wild ambition. No! we believe not a blind destiny ties the hand of man, reducing him to a machine passive and helpless. We hear often of undeveloped power. We hear of genius slumbering unknown forever. But we also hear of genius "making for itself an opportunity and a name."

There come to our minds legions of men throwing off the silken robes of luxury to do and die for their country or for Christ. And as we scan the life of hero or martyr, can we believe that man is the creature of circumstances? for not always are men *compelled* to take up cross and sword.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime."

With our earliest recollections there ever float down to us records of great deeds in the dim, mysterious past; records of old-time heroes—Leonidas and Regulus, or the brave story of Columbus, and we think we too would have kissed the green earth, kneeling in unspeakable gratitude on the shore of the new world.

Turning over the leaves of the history of the self-made men, some hopeless worker's eyes will

brighten and his spirit be moved to new exertion, as he reads of the poor mason's boy laboring at his arduous task day after day, then, hammer in hand on some rare holiday, spending his time on the rocky hill-sides. The simple peasants thought him mad. To their dull eyes it was common stone; to his clear vision "the footprints of the Creator." We can imagine how his face must have lighted at each advance on the road to knowledge. We may never know what bright visions filled the heart of the young aspirant as he read the traces of a divine, creating Hand. How his heart must have swelled as he thought of a bright future! Success stood far upward beckoning him to press on even to the summit. Poverty, with her attendant trials, was in his path, but she had no obstacle strong enough to deter his brave spirit.

Day after day he labored, and the hill-sides, and rocks, and wild glens of his native land were his "schools and schoolmasters." Nature was to him a kind and beneficent mother, opening her hidden treasures at his command. In after years his country will point with pride to her son, in truth a conqueror. O child of pampered wealth, you have not yet tasted the keen delight that knowledge brings to one like Hugh Miller! O child of poverty and genius, you have a heritage in common with the mason-boy—in common with the great geologist.

There are other illustrations of the power of genius to overcome obstacles. In a low attic burns a dim taper. Beside it sits one in whose veins yet courses the impulsive tide of young life. But care and thought have paled the cheek and drawn deep lines across the brow. In the eyes shines a fire—the flame of an invincible will strong as Napoleon's to conquer.

In the broad fields a sturdy plowman turns the grassy sod. As the lark-song goes up to heaven there also arises a resolve to achieve greatness in the days to be. Years pass on. In the legislative hall men listen in breathless silence to words of wisdom. By many a fireside hearts are thrilled and spirits cheered by "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." The world bends at the shrine of genius and cries, "Where is he, the gifted; bring him forth that we may do him homage!" Under the robe of state we recognize the strong muscles of the farmer-boy; and the laurel wreath rests on the pale forehead of the student. We may name neither statesman nor poet, but we find their counterpart in many.

Where one has broken the shackles of poverty and ignorance, and climbed to a higher position, there is a demonstration that the force of circumstances do not necessarily control our actions. Must we fold our hands in indolence be-

cause circumstances hinder our onward progress? Must we walk mechanically on in the same path because there are obstacles in another? Nay, if God and the right approve, let us bend circumstances to our will. Let us not go back to the blind fatality of former ages. Let not the voice of Fate order our lives. What we aspire to be we shall be. God rules over all, yet not the less is man the arbiter of his own destiny. There is one who "woke to find himself famous." There are hundreds who, by ceaseless toil and endeavor, have fairly earned renown, not alone for brilliant talent, but pure, earnest lives.

Circumstances may modify, but do not absolutely decide one's destiny. Would all remember this, so many would not "sit in sackcloth and ashes" wailing for the lost presence of the beloved on whom they leaned. So many would not fold their hands in despair when rich argosies of heart or brain go down at sea.

Would we all seek to prove that the mere circumstance of birth or place do not arbitrarily restrain a true spirit, we would not mourn over a wasted existence; but sowing the seed in Life's young morning, fair blossoms shall crown our maturer summer, and when the Master calls we shall go home with the sheaves which life's harvest has given us.

MODERN INFIDELITY.

IT is a common remark that infidelity never assumed so insidious a form as in the present age. It has altogether given up its old rampant and malignant style of forcing its way; it has now taken a scholarly air, allies itself with the softer sentiments, and spares no pains to make its guise alluring. It insinuates itself into every department of literature, and seeks to win its way into every household. It avoids argument rather than seeks it; seldom reveals its real intent; shrinks from a consistent, thick-and-thin driving through to a positive conclusion of its own; and trusts chiefly to indirection as the most efficient way to sap the Christian faith. It adapts itself particularly to the young, who like spangled rhetoric, and whose judgments easily take color from their imaginations. The tenuous agent of evil must be watched; and wherever found in the current literature of the day, it should be exposed and denounced. It is destructive of all that makes life valuable, all that makes moral earnestness respectable, all that makes free government possible. In whatever degree exhibited, it deserves the hostility of every lover of truth and his race. They who parley with it will find it too strong for them. The only safety is to leave it alone; for then only is it weak.

THE NEW WORLD OF THE EAST.

BY HENRY C. VICTOR, U. S. N.

LIVING and dying in the belief that he had given to the civilized world the fabled regions of the orient, that he had lifted the veil which hid Cathay and Zipangu from its eyes, Christopher Columbus little dreamed that it was left for men of other name and nation to resurrect the lands he had seen as through a glass darkly. He failed to find the mystic "world of the east," but in its stead gave one in the west. With all of his bright visions little did the great Genoese dream that between the regions he sought and those he had found there was an island-world whose glory was scarcely less than that of fabled India, whose shores he had sought by sailing westward, an inner temple whose surroundings were four continents and vast seas. Other nostrils than his were to catch the odors of the precious spices of Ind; a higher faith than his was to find its *greater* triumphs in the world he hoped to give to the Roman Church.

The Portuguese, Dutch, English, and Spanish navigators succeeding Columbus may be said to have unbarred the gates of the east, not only the east of antiquity, but to have opened up a new and wondrous world in the discovery of the islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. With more consistency can this region be called the "New World" than can the American, for its discovery followed that of the latter. Viewed by the light of discovery we find it to be new indeed, while its extent and geographic importance entitle it to the distinction of a world—a world of whose wonders we are but beginning to have a knowledge.

What and where is the new world of the east? Without going into geographic or historic detail, for the purpose of answering the question I will say briefly it is the groups of islands which spot the Pacific and North Indian Oceans, ranging in size from a continent down to the needle-pointed rock. It is a world sea girt, peopled mainly by the Malayan and Papuan races, with a stock of the Mongolian grafted on here and there. It has its divisions, and each one has its relative present and prospective importance. It is a region of earth blessed with a finer climate than any other, and greater richness of vegetable production, and perhaps of mineral also. A portion of it occupies a situation of greater *future* geographic importance than any other portion of the world. It is of this portion that I would write, and of its adaptability to Christian colonization.

That division which will at a future day lay claim to the appellation of *the world of the east* is

Malaysia. A glance at the map of the world will reveal its position of geographic importance, its centrality. Clustered together here in a comparative small space is a series of islands—several of them among the largest in the world. Lying direct in the path of trade between Europe, America, China, and Japan, with Australia near at hand on one side and southern Asia on the other, it needs no prophet's ken, nor words of mine to reveal its position of central importance.

Why is this region a field specially fitted for Christian colonization? A visit to a portion of it, and consequent *study* of it, has put the answer in my mind. The revelation of its present and contemplation of the future glory of Malaysia leads me to make the answer known in as brief terms as a magazine article will allow. I believe that the Christian world is by this time convinced that there is no more potent instrument for the effectual propagation of Christianity and civilization among the heathen than colonization—the grafting on of that *better* stock to the barren trunk of heathenism. It is not necessary for me to illustrate this by pointing out, besides our own land, South Africa, Liberia, Australia, New Zealand, a group of islands here in the Pacific Ocean, etc. States and empires springing into being here and there tell of it; the isles of the sea, rejoicing in the light of a great hope, tell of the benefits of a Christian settlement. Malaysia holds out every inducement as a field for successful colonization. Climatically there is no region more favored. My experience of climates—and it has been a most varied one—has led me to believe that the finest is that experienced directly under the equator in close proximity to the sea; rather, in places accessible to the sea breeze. Change is here unknown; an equable summer temperature is maintained throughout the year. Such is that of Malaysia. Excessive heat is not experienced by day, and it would be hard to conceive of finer nights than are here enjoyed. The violent storms common to the regions at or near the tropics, caused by a change of monsoon, are here unknown, as, also, are the excessive rains common to most semi-tropical countries. A great mistake is it to suppose that for six months of the year equatorial regions are deluged with rain and desolated with tempest. That supposition is more correct applied to those regions situated at or near the tropics. As a consequence of the unchanging temperature, no place is healthier than these sea-girt islands, excepting, of course, those portions infested with swamp and uncultivated jungle. There, even as in our western territories, there is malaria.

Richness of soil and wealth of production allure the colonist here. The costly spices and

luscious fruits of the Indies are things indigenous in these isles of the sea. In short, all of the vegetable wealth of tropical production is produced in its highest perfection here. Even in its comparative wilderness state the richness of Malaysia in vegetable wealth is proverbial in the east. The mineral wealth is yet undeveloped, but enough is known to prove that it is immense. The tin mines of Banca are the richest in the world. Borneo and Tabuan supply a large portion of the coal used by the fleet of steamers in eastern waters; gold is known to exist in abundance in the Philippine islands, but for fear of foreign immigration the fact is kept concealed by the Spanish Government. Sumatra is supposed to be rich in gold.

The Dutch have tried the experiment of developing the resources of Java, and the treasury of the king of the Netherlands can tell the story of the value of this one island to them. So well are they pleased with their remuneration here that they seek to appropriate by fraud and force more and more of the possessions of the real owners of the soil, the Malays. The English, with an eye to the future greatness of this world, forty years ago founded the free city of Singapore, and even in that short space of time it has become one of the great places of the earth, one of the marts of the east. The spirit of wisdom has taught Britain that in colonizing she possesses a surer source of wealth than in conquest, and she now sees in the isles of the east a glorious field for colonization. Commencing with Ceylon and the Peninsula of Malacca as outposts, she is building from the splendid material of the eastern islands an edifice such as the world never saw before; an empire before whose glory the proudest of ancient or modern times will pale. Rome's emperors or Palmyra's queen never sceptered so fair a city as the capitals which will rise out of the jungles of the eastern isles.

But what a field is there for the exercise of Christian philanthropy in the carrying out of a well-regulated system of colonization in this world of the east! Peopled by a race who are not low in the scale of humanity, a people not averse to receiving the truth, Malaysia is a ten-fold more promising field for the propagation of Christian truth than either China or Africa—both of which countries are the great points of interest with the Christian world. Of the success of propagandism among the Malays we may be convinced by a look at the Philippine group, and we see there three millions of people of that race converts to the Romish faith. The islands of the Pacific, too, can tell the story of nations "born in a day." It needs no argument to prove the readiness of the Malay mind to receive the

truth. Will the fair world which we have pointed out be the recipient of a spurious or pure Christianity, a high or low civilization? Let it be borne in mind that where single effort would fail to civilize and Christianize, settlement would accomplish the work; it would like the glad sunshine make those fair gems of the eastern world all bright; its rays would fly off and irradiate this island and that one, and the new world of the east would be as morally great and glorious as it now is naturally so.

I believe that we as a people should colonize; that it is our duty to aid in this way in the extension of the area of freedom, consequent enlightenment, and the good of mankind. I need not expatiate upon the benefits to commerce, the wealth to us—real solid riches—of *successful* settlement of the isles of the east. I leave that to the imagination of the reader, and as a theory to political economists, assuming that it is simply a question of success, whether or not it could be a success, this settlement. The English to my mind have solved the problem—have proved that where a few years since it was unsafe for a white man to set his foot, colonizing may make abodes of safety, law, and order; the wilderness jungle has often been made by them to blossom as the rose. Without advocating territorial aggrandizement, I may say that there is no reason why we as a people may not engage in the work of peaceful settlement outside of our own borders. Observation has led me to believe that, as a field for successful settlement and enterprise, our own western wilds will not compare with most of the islands of the eastern seas. Inducements far greater are there held out to the settler. Any combined effort at colonization would meet with the aid and approval of the English, and, I believe, of the American governments. From the Dutch opposition might be expected; but it would avail little, the colonists having the approval of the English. With an eye to the monopoly of the wealth of Malaysia, the Dutch are as jealous of acquisition there as the Malay rulers are of their encroachments. Gladly do these latter grasp at the hope of other rule than that of the Dutch, which they see spreading over their fair islands like a dark cloud. From the actual possessors and owners of this eastern soil colonists would have little to fear—in their future much to hope for.

I heartily wish every scheme of settlement in Polynesia success; that there is one scheme on foot, at least, I am glad. I see in it the germ from which shall spring a tree that will overshadow the new world of the east; countless myriads of our unredeemed fellows will sit in its shade and partake of its fruit.

THE REVEREND DIDYMUS EGO, M. D.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

CHAPTER I.

THE Rev. Didymus Ego, M. D., was once a small boy. Incredible as it may seem, he was once the occupant of a cradle, and delighted himself with the musical clamor of a sixpenny rattle. Various incidents of his early life are yet extant, which not only confirm this, but served in their day to foreshadow his future greatness.

For instance, it is remembered that when he first opened his mouth in baby lamentation it was discovered by his admiring attendants that he had been born with his I teeth cut. This may explain the absence in after life of wisdom teeth, the material for which had doubtless been used up by these adventurous first-comers. But it was not our happiness to know him till the genius then in the bud had become fully matured, and, therefore, we will leave to abler pens the pleasure of doing justice to his precocious youth, while we look with becoming reverence upon his portrait as a man.

He was rather above the middle size, or, rather, he seemed so from a peculiarity habitual to many little men of stretching the neck and holding back the head like a Bantam rooster when about to crow. At a short distance his general aspect was dignified and imposing. His forehead was low, and, if left to a state of nature, would have been covered with a bushy growth of hair, but being closely shaven every morning, resembled, in its gradual narrow slope from the covered part of the scalp to the bridge of the nose, and also in its persistent display of hair roots, a miniature walk up a gentle declivity thickly graveled with black pepper. He wore spectacles, blue ones, not from any need of their aid, but to hide an obliquity of vision that was somewhat embarrassing in general society, every one supposing himself particularly addressed, and all replying at once, and thus nearly deafening each other.

The hirsute growth, defeated in its design of sheltering the brow, avenged itself by shooting out gigantic bores from cheeks and chin, that, in their varying tints of red and brownish yellow, reminded one of a gorgeous autumn sunset. His mouth can be best described by calling it a smile; not the amused expression that occasionally illumines the features of our acquaintances, but a continuous smile of no particular meaning, and of no particular use unless its width and length aided respiration. The slightly-hooked nose that leaned tenderly over it, the eyes that engaged in business of their own, held no communion with it; even the magisterial depth and

solemnity of voice that rolled through its very midst, had no effect whatever in the way of disturbing that wonderful smile.

Do you know him? Of course you do. Every body knows him, and every body is indignant if you hint that you never heard of him before.

"Not know him!" fairly shrieked an old lady, a connection of his, when, before I saw him, I vainly tried to recall him to my memory, "not know the Reverend Ego! Why, you *must* be green! Where have you lived? Did you not hear of him when he was Professor of—of—of Verdigris in Muddle University? Not know him indeed!"

CHAPTER II.

The Rev. Didymus Ego, M. D., was not one of those careless laborers who, after sowing their seed on the Sabbath, leave it to its own sweet will; neither did he calculate to wait many days for the appearance of the bread cast upon the waters. Speedy results were looked for. It was his usual practice to spend Monday in looking up those who might have been impressed under his ministrations of the previous day.

"My friend," he would say, stopping some spruce youth on the sidewalk, "did I not see you in my congregation yesterday?" If answered in the negative, bursting sighs relieved the heart of the preacher as he silently turned away to lament the benighted condition of his companion. An affirmative reply was sure to be followed by the question: "Will you be so good, my dear sir, as to specify what part of the sermon was most interesting to you?"

Now, it often unfortunately happened that the simple youth had been more intent upon deciding the exact shade of the sparkling brown eyes so perversely hid under Miss Lucy's silk eyelashes or in noting the charming effect of Miss Mary's new bonnet, than in following the thread of the pulpit argument. It was curious, then, to observe the ingenuity with which he would persuade the pastor that he was so delighted with the entire sermon that it would be sacrilege in his eyes to distinguish one part above the rest.

The man of business when closely interrogated did not, of course, mention those schemes for attaining wealth that the quietude of his Sabbath devotions presented in so clear an aspect, neither was he disposed to depreciate any part of the sermon by an undue exaltation of the rest. Like the younger hearer, he readily admitted the perfection of the whole.

Encouraged by these and other kindred tributes to his genius, and feeling that he ought to overcome his characteristic modesty and believe more fully in his own talents, on Tuesday the

Reverend Ego was seen calling at the doors of his ministerial brethren in the neighboring towns.

"Ah, brother," he would say as soon as the usual compliments were passed, "I hope you had a good time in preaching last Sabbath. I had unusual liberty and enlargement. I suppose you have heard about the afternoon sermon? What do the people here say about it?"

The person thus questioned knew very well that his townsmen were quite in the dark as to his brother's sermons or talents, but did not like to insinuate so unwelcome a truth.

Evading the question, he would reply: "I go out very little, and much of the news so interesting to most people fails to reach my study. I presume that your sermon was an excellent one, but I, shut up here with my books, have not heard it mentioned."

"You lose a great deal, brother, by such seclusion. How can you tell whether your labors are appreciated while you hold yourself aloof from the people during the week?"

"That is of small consequence to me if I feel the approving smile of God. Such knowledge might be dangerous for me. If my congregation were dissatisfied, I could hardly fail of becoming discouraged; if they were pleased, I fear I should not be proof against the whispers of vanity. But you are mistaken in supposing that I keep aloof from them. My afternoons are devoted to pastoral labor, and are spent in going from house to house, for the purpose of having religious conversation and prayer with my people."

"But you study too much," the Reverend Ego would urge, glad to leave the subject of pastoral labor; "it is a weariness to both soul and body."

"True, but I can not preach without it."

"Well, there are some who can't. I fear I am not thankful enough for the ability to rely on myself. Why, instead of coming before my people worn out with study, I am as fresh as the morning. I feel as the eagle may when he spreads his strong pinions for an upward flight. It is astonishing what can be done if full play be given to a man's mental powers. But it would not do, I suppose, for every one to attempt it."

"I think not."

"I used to fear, brother," said Didymus in a confidential tone, "that if I neglected books I should somehow fall behind the times. I suppose some one told me so, and I foolishly believed it. As if the study of any book could compare with the workings of the immortal mind that my Maker gave me! But for the last ten years I have hardly studied at all, and I find no lack, as yet, of power or knowledge. On the contrary,

brother, when I stand up to preach I am as keen as a brier. Mind, I do n't say that every one could pursue my course and retain their hold upon their congregation. I am inclined to think they could not."

"I quite agree with you."

"Yes. And there are times when you would pity me. When I see a multitude hanging upon my lips for the bread of life, and picking up, as it were, every crumb of truth, I realize the responsibility that rests upon me. The sight of my eyes affects my heart. Strong men, six feet high, weep like little children under my exhortations. Ah, brother H., what am I, or what is my father's house, that such talents should have been committed to my charge? Wonder not that sometimes I am led to envy my ministerial brethren. If they have but one talent, they have only to account for one."

Brother H. drew a sigh of exceeding relief when his visitor departed, and began turning over the despised books with unusual rapidity, soliloquizing the while in a strain that might have convinced his late visitor of his ability to talk extemporaneously. He looked as he felt, both tired and vexed.

A light step was heard on the stairs, and a smiling face was directly beaming in at the study door. It wore a roguish look; for its owner, the minister's wife, knew exactly how far his patience had been tried. So with a smile she said, "Ned." There was no reply, but she smiled again, and the dim room lighted a little perforce. He knew it, but he chose to nurse his disgust and vexation, so he did not speak.

"Ah, Ned, it's of no use." The speaker was at his side now, and still bent on exorcising the evil spirit that had crept into the snug room unawares. He looked up involuntarily; their eyes met, and both laughed long and heartily.

"Ah, Ned," said his wife, "you need not think to exclude me from your sanctum. Why, you would have moped all day if I had not hastened to the rescue."

"You are welcome at any time, Susy," he replied, "but I do wish there was a law to exclude jackasses."

CHAPTER III.

An exchange of pulpits with some neighboring clergyman was an event of consequence to the Reverend Ego. His satisfaction in holding forth to a new audience had but one drawback. He felt sad that for one short Sabbath his own flock should be deprived of his ministrations.

"For it is impossible," he often remarked to his wife, "for a people who have become accustomed to luxurious food to content themselves

with coarse, plain fare, be it ever so wholesome."

His wife, a weak, little nonentity, one of those women especially designed for the companionship of the Ego race, never failed to sympathize with him or to agree with him.

It was only a few weeks after his installment in his eighth parish, that he was invited to exchange with a minister whose church was located in a farming district, at two miles distance. At first he hesitated. He had hardly had time to fully acquaint his own people with the extent of his gifts and graces; for, impelled by a sense of duty, he had spent the last fortnight in the parish from which he had lately been dismissed, visiting the people, and learning from their own lips that they had passed without injury from his supervision to that of his successor.

The most gratifying evidences of resignation were shown in every quarter, and to his most minute and searching inquiries but one cheering reply was given, and that expressive of intense satisfaction. Greatly edified by the knowledge thus carefully gleaned, he had returned to his new charge with redoubled resolution to exert all his talents in its service.

At the very outset he was met with this invitation, to throw away an entire Sabbath on an obscure country congregation. He was on the point of declining at once, when the thought of the admiration his oratory would command in so retired a section, made him hesitate anew. He walked the room and argued the question pro and con. Gradually his look and step regained their wonted decision, and it was with his mind fully made up that he approached the table to pen an affirmative note.

"I will go!" he said, "I am sure it will pay. It will refresh me to behold the artless, unsophisticated delight of an audience so seldom favored. The old proverb is a true one, 'It is better to be the head of a hog than the tail of a lion.' Besides, my own flock will learn to appreciate me sooner if I leave them occasionally. Now, I wonder what sort of a preacher brother Whipple is. If he had much talent he would fill a more conspicuous place. That is certain."

Now it so happened that the preacher in question was a liberally-educated man, distinguished above his fellows by his fine intellectual powers. Though scarcely thirty-two years of age, he had won an enviable reputation as an author, as the Reverend Ego would have known had he been under the necessity of reading much. His powers as a speaker made him a most acceptable exchange in any of the neighboring pulpits, and his hearers were only at a loss which to admire the most, the sublimity and beauty of his thoughts

and language, or the graceful and unaffected modesty of his deportment. Many wealthy parishes had tried to tempt him from his retired field of labor, offering him large salaries and unbounded opportunities to secure fame and influence, but his affections were bound to the people of his first charge, and he would not leave them.

As a matter of course the congregation to which he preached were intelligent. They could not help being instructed by his sermons. Many of them were wealthy farmers, who, possessing a competence, had appropriated a goodly share of their income to the education of their families. Very few city congregations could boast of an equal number of refined and appreciative hearers.

It was to *such* persons, accustomed to *such* preaching, that the Reverend Ego consented to speak for one Sabbath only. He rode over during the previous week to request Mr. Whipple to announce the exchange, so that none might afterward regret having been absent from church. But Mr. Whipple unfortunately forgot to make the announcement till it was too late; and, as it did not strike him as being very important, he made no unusual efforts to circulate information in regard to it. His wife, more thoughtful than himself in such matters, was careful to mention it in the sewing society, so that before the Sabbath the proposed exchange had been duly proclaimed in the remotest corners of the parish.

The Sabbath came, fair and lovely, as cloudless and beautiful as if it had been made for exchanges. The Reverend Ego arrived early. Mr. Whipple, preferring a walk to the care of his horse, had already left home, but Mrs. Whipple was ready to receive him.

"This is rather a thinly-settled region, ma'am," he said as soon as he was seated comfortably. "I suppose your congregation is rather small."

"We think it quite respectable as to numbers, considering the distance many have to come."

"How large is it?"

"On pleasant days we have about a hundred in the morning, in the afternoon twice that number."

"Quite a difference. But then people will not go all day unless they are particularly interested. I have always been able to keep up the interest of my hearers. After my first sermon I have no difficulty. I make no special effort, but somehow I succeed. You know, ma'am, that some preachers have the faculty of attracting the old and young. They do n't seek popularity, but they are always popular. Why, I never find the slightest difficulty in filling a house with attentive hearers."

"You are fortunate, indeed."

"But I am not elated. Far be it from me to

over-value myself, or to sound my own praises. I am naturally humble. By the way, allow me to ask if our exchange was publicly given out?"

"No, sir. Mr. Whipple forgot to mention it. But it will make no difference," said the lady, trying to soothe his evident discomfiture; "for, of course, the people will know it as soon as they see you."

"Ma'am, it was to draw them out to fill up the vacant pews that I desired them to be informed of my coming."

Mrs. Whipple's amused look was a puzzle to him, and so was the quiet manner in which she replied: "I mentioned it in the sewing circle, and I dare say it is generally known. But if you have depended on a large morning congregation I am afraid you will be disappointed. If the angel Gabriel was expected our thrifty farmers would attend to their chores before hearing him. Mr. Whipple's forgetfulness will really make no difference, sir."

He did not reply, and Mrs. Whipple ventured to change the subject of conversation. "Have you ever resided in this part of the country before coming to Newington?"

"No. I have lived in Massachusetts; I am a traveler, however, and have visited most of the New England states."

"You find beautiful scenery in this region, I suppose. We are charmed with the lovely and varied views that are seen from every hill around us. Indeed, every window of our house commands a fine prospect. We never tire of it. My husband often says that, like a faithful friend, the landscape grows more delightful the more he becomes acquainted with it. He prizes every tree, and I think would mourn over the removal of the smallest clump of rough bushes that grows on the hill-side."

"You think the people generally understand the arrangement for to-day?" he asked anxiously.

"O, yes! If they think about it at all, they do."

"Ah, well, we will try to make the best of it!"

He again relapsed into silence, from which Mrs. Whipple made no effort to arouse him. She had expected to accompany him to church, but finding, on inquiry, that he was used to hot Sunday dinners, and could not preach in the afternoon without one, she concluded to stay at home and prepare one with as little labor as possible.

"I hope Henry will find out before he exchanges again, whether I am to have the privilege of keeping the Sabbath or not." This was her first thought on being left to herself. Then she thought of the probable size of the audience, with a nervous anxiety, as if herself accountable

for tardy comers. It was in haying time, when the outdoor labors of the farmer are most exhausting, and his inclination to rest on the Sabbath is often too strong to permit his attendance upon the ministry of the word. "It is wrong, to be sure," mused Mrs. Whipple; "for religion should be the primary interest; but who can help it? Then—O, dear!" she suddenly exclaimed aloud, "there is old Mrs. Mason's funeral this morning. They are all spiritualists, and the novelty will draw away half of our usual audience." She would have been quite dismayed with the discouraging prospect, but she had no time to contemplate it. The dinner was to be cooked. By a little hurrying she soon had every thing in the kitchen progressing favorably, and had quietly seated herself with a book in her hand, when the door opened and an invalid sister entered.

"Why, Linda!" said Mrs. Whipple, "is it you? What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Yes, and bored to death. I have not been able to come to church for six weeks, you know," and, made a little childish by long-continued suffering, the poor girl burst into tears. "I wish I had staid at home," she added; "why did n't you tell me who was coming to preach?"

"There, there," said Mrs. Whipple, soothingly, "be quiet, Linda. You are too weak and nervous to venture out. I wonder that mother permitted it. Lie down on the sofa. Here is some of mother's famous cordial. You will feel better directly."

"I do already, I can breathe again. Tell me, Eliza, who is this incubus that fills Henry's place to-day?"

"Hush, hush, little sister. You shall speak with more reverence or I will not talk with you."

"I can read your looks, Mrs. Decorum, you like him as well as I do."

"I do not dislike him; and, Linda, I hope it was no silly prejudice that drove you out of church."

"No. Do n't look so grave. I was really ill. And—and he was unendurable too. He thinks we are a set of fools. He was defining the word navigation when I came out. Did n't I wish that he was studying the science practically in mid ocean!"

"Now do stop talking, Linda. I am going down into the kitchen to see to the dinner. Try to catch a nap while I am busy. Stop thinking if you can, and shut your eyes. You are too excitable."

"Excitable!" repeated Linda, but her sister had vanished down the stairs. Obligated to be silent, she lay still, and soon a light slumber, the effect of the cordial, stole over her senses. She would soon have slept profoundly, but the morn-

ing service was over, and the entrance of the minister awakened her.

"Do n't get up, Miss," he said, as Linda started to a sitting posture. "Do n't get up on my account. I am not particular about a seat. Did I not see you leave the church?"

"I was not well, and was obliged to come out."

"So I supposed. Are you better?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"I hope you will be able to remain during the sermon this afternoon. I have a subject that will be interesting, and I think a novelty here."

"I think I shall not be able to hear it."

"You find sickness a great cross, doubtless. It must have been a trial to you to-day to interrupt a train of thought newly started. I think you were obliged to leave in the middle of the discourse. If you will tell me at what point of the sermon you went out I will complete the argument for you."

"O, no," said Linda, earnestly, "I could not think of giving you the trouble."

"It is no trouble, Miss. It is a pleasure to minister to the comfort of an invalid. I spend my happiest hours by the bedsides of the sick, repeating to them the sermons that they could not otherwise hear, and often being able to add to the results of their public delivery."

"Are there not a good many deaths in your parish?" asked Linda.

"Linda! Linda!" called her sister from the foot of the stairs.

"I am coming," she answered, springing up with alacrity.

"You heard enough of my sermon, Miss," said the Reverend Ego, "to judge of my seafaring illustrations. A little remarkable, you will call them, when I inform you that I was never out of sight of land in my life."

"Possible? Why, one would have thought that your life had been spent on the ocean, and that this morning saw your first landing."

"Linda! Linda!" again called her sister, with a voice expressive of both mirth and vexation. Thus urged Linda left the minister to his own thoughts.

The number of carriages that drove into the church inclosure during the noon recess, convinced the Reverend Ego that his fame was already spreading. Forgetting Mrs. Whipple's account of the afternoon worshipers, he almost convulsed Linda at the table by saying, "A goodly number seem to be on their way to the sanctuary. I presume the few who were present this morning have now made it known that I am here."

More amused still was the nervous girl, when, after the close of the service in church, he re-

marked to her sister, "Tell your husband to take courage, I have doubled the congregation. A decided success! He must try now to keep up the interest. I will direct him, or I will ride over myself and give an impulse to the work at any time. A decided success, ma'am."

CHAPTER IV.

In spite of the Reverend Ego's unbounded popularity, as evidenced by the Monday confessions of his audience, it so happened that before he was fairly established in one parish he was by some means ousted out of it into another, and this before he had half exhibited his oratorical powers. No man ever inveighed more stoutly or earnestly against an itinerant ministry; yet, helpless as a fly in a cobweb, he was perpetually itinerating. There were always some unreasonable deacons or chief men, who insisted on a change of preachers, in defiance of the tearful remonstrances which, he was sure, were uttered by the mass of his parishioners.

He was in the market nearly half of his time, and expended incredible sums in the purchase of daguerreotypes, to be distributed among his disconsolate admirers in the various places where he had labored. A sense of the heavy losses sustained by these societies, on account of his removal, at length so affected his mind and depressed his spirits, that he at last resolved, with tears, that if he was ejected from Newington, he would give up preaching rather than subject another people to such grievous trials.

Acting on this resolution, it was scarcely three months after the exchange before, by a natural transition, he ceased his ministrations to the souls of his fellow-men and bethought himself of the welfare of their perishing bodies. He attended a course of medical lectures, procured a great quantity of bottles, boxes, and drugs, and began at once to roll up pills and concoct pukes with all the dignity of an experienced physician.

As a doctor he did not give up the Rev. prefix to his name; but, by the imposing addition of M. D., secured a handle at both ends of it. He was still ready to fill up the vacant days incident to a new calling, by occasional flights into the ideal regions of the old. But in the new profession he seemed to have found the place for which nature designed him. In no other way could he do so large a business with so small a capital of knowledge. The ability to decry other practitioners and to set forth his own merits, came as naturally to him as if he had been born a doctor, and the wonderful cures that he now recollected as having been wrought by him when a mere child, aided him essentially in securing a place to commence his practice. It was in a populous

village, and was favored with only one physician, an old man, of long-established reputation for skill and knowledge. Dr. Ego laughed at the idea of this old man's maintaining a rivalry with him. He mentally contrasted the reserved and somewhat haughty manner of the old doctor with his own continuous smile and prominent I-teeth, and the old man dwindled to a mere mote in the sunbeam.

Yet, as weeks and months rolled on, he was obliged to confess to himself that the days spent in riding to visit imaginary patients came oftener than was agreeable, and that it was wearisome thus to keep up a show of an extensive practice. Very few cases of real sickness came under his care. Those who believed in him and listened with interest to his accounts of his former successes, seemed to be endowed with iron constitutions, and were never ill. Even those that he met in the village stores, and kindly alarmed by feeling their pulse and examining their tongues, went straight to the office of the old doctor and had their fears dispelled immediately.

There were a few dear, considerate souls, martyrs to the interests of science, who seemed to be created for no other purpose than to test the value of every new medicine. None of the various kinds advertised in the newspapers escaped their notice, but each, as it appeared, was faithfully tried and believed in. To such a new doctor was a perfect godsend. No need now of sending to distant cities for the newest style of emetics, but drugs enough to nauseate the rest of their existence brought to their very doors.

As a means of attracting attention to himself, and thereby increasing his practice, Dr. Ego began to accompany his wife to the sewing circles of the charitable societies of the village, and to speak occasionally in the Lyceum meetings of the young men. In the first, by a little managing, he contrived to monopolize the conversation, and to confine it to the subject of medical practice. Wonderful were the powers of memory that he displayed on these occasions, and wonderful also were the reminiscences of the surgical skill of his youth, that he repeated for the entertainment of the ladies.

Early in the autumn it was proposed that a course of lectures should be given at the Lyceum hall. The clergymen, lawyers, and physicians each received an invitation to give one lecture of the course.

Dr. Ego hesitated. "I should be glad to oblige you," he said to the young committee who waited on him, "but I should have to give you an extempore speech. I have now many patients, most of them desperately sick, and I can not command a moment's leisure. I have thought

of getting an assistant, for my health really suffers under the constant demands of the public, but I fear my patients are too much attached to me to receive another in my place. Nevertheless, it may be that a season of health will soon be granted, and in that case I shall be happy to give the last lecture of the course."

As none of the young men could call to mind a single instance of illness among his acquaintance, they were very little impressed by the doctor's statement.

"Now," said he, after their departure, "now I have got a chance to shine. I'll write a lecture that will open their eyes. I have got three months to do it in. Oratory is my forte, and these worshipers of the old doctor shall find it out."

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

LILLA'S GRAVE.

BY E. CONWELL SMITH.

In the graveyard's grassy corner,
Where the faintest shadows lie,
And the violet, like a mourner,
Droops its timid, tearful eye,
Stands a slab of whitest marble;
And the birds' soft pinions wave
In the wind, which melts their warble
To a dirge, o'er "Lilla's grave."

There's a rose, with frail stem broken,
Graven on the stony snow;
Thornless—fond and fitting token
Of the form which lies below;
Like a rose her red cheeks faded—
Like a rose her spirit gave
Sweetness to the hearts now shaded
Mournfully, by "Lilla's grave."

In the emerald-covered corner,
Where the lightest shadows lie,
And the violet, like a mourner,
Droops its dew-filled purple eye,
Hath the turf been newly lifted,
And another form they gave
Back to earth, and winds have drifted
Dirges o'er another grave.

And another rose hath faded
From the garland-chain of home;
Hearts are still more darkly shaded
By the dimness of the tomb;
Mournfully and sweetly warble
Soft-winged birds; and music-waves
Dimple round the snowy marble,
Standing o'er the sisters' graves.

They have stolen very softly
To the arms of Him who gave;
Yet the bright sun sendeth oftly
Beams to crown each grassy grave.
In the mystic, bounding river,
Where the souls in beauty lave,
Linger those fair sisters ever,
All unshadowed by the grave.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

FILIAL PIETY.—"He saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home." John xix, 26, 27.

A pious young man, who was desirous of devoting himself to the work of the ministry among the heathen, and had been recommended with that view to the committee of the London Missionary Society, on undergoing the usual examination, stated that he had one difficulty; he had an aged mother entirely dependent upon an elder brother and himself for maintenance; and in case of that brother's death he should wish to be at liberty to return to his country, if his mother were still living, to contribute to her support. Scarcely had he made this ingenuous statement, when a harsh voice exclaimed, "If you love your mother more than the Lord Jesus Christ, you will not do for us." Abashed and confounded, the young man was silent. Some murmurs escaped the committee; and he was directed to retire while his proposal was taken into consideration. On his being again sent for, the venerable chairman, Dr. Waugh, in tones of unaffected kindness, and with a patriarchal benignity of mien, acquainted him that the committee did not feel themselves authorized to accept of his services on a condition involving uncertainty as to the term; but immediately added—"We think none the worse of you, my good lad, for your dutiful regard for your aged parent. You are but acting in conformity to the example of Him whose Gospel you wished to proclaim among the heathen, who, as he hung upon the cross in dying agonies, beholding his mother and the beloved disciple standing by, said to the one, 'Woman, behold thy son!' and to John, 'Behold thy mother!' My good lad, we think none the worse of you."

THE MERCY OF CHRIST.—"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John vi, 37.

A clergyman was called to visit a poor dying woman, who was quite ignorant of the truth. After conversing with her on the depravity of human nature, and the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, that it was all of grace, and that there was no limitation as to person or state, the woman listened to every word with great attention; the tears began to trickle down her cheeks; and at last she said, "I know nothing of the man of whom you have been speaking;" immediately adding, "I was never brought up in the way of religion; never taught to know a letter of a book, nor attend any place of worship." The clergyman visiting her next day, began to discourse upon the suitability, the ability, and willingness of Jesus to save

perishing sinners. "And do you think, sir," said she, "he will save such a vile wretch as I am!" He observed, the promise ran thus, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Here she found a basis to rest on. Her knowledge of divine things rapidly increased; and her fervent devotions seemed now to be the perpetual breathings of her soul. She continued in this state about six weeks, soliciting the company of all Christian friends to converse and pray with her, giving evident marks of being a subject of that grace to which she had so long been a stranger.

SPIRITUAL PREACHING.—"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor." Luke iv, 18, 19.

The biographer of Mr. Elliot, the missionary, says of him—"He liked no preaching but what had been well studied; and he would very much commend a sermon which he could perceive had required some good thinking and reading in the author of it. I have heard him thus express himself: 'Brother, there was oil required for the service of the sanctuary; but it was to be beaten oil; I praise God that I saw your oil so well beaten to-day: the Lord help us always, by good study, to beat our oil, that there may be no knots in our sermons left undissolved, and that there may be a clear light thereby given to the house of God!' He likewise looked for something in a sermon beside and beyond the mere study of man; he was for having the Spirit of God breathing in it, and with it; and he was for speaking those things from those impressions, and with those affections, which might compel the hearer to say, The Spirit of God is here! I have heard him complain, 'It is a sad thing when a sermon shall have this one thing, the Spirit of God, wanting in it.'"

HOW TO SETTLE DIFFICULTIES.—"If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone." Matthew xviii, 15.

When any member of Mr. Kilpin's church, at Exeter, came with details of real or supposed injuries, received from a fellow-member, after listening to the reporter, Mr. K. would inquire if they had mentioned these grievances to their offending brother or sister. If the reply was in the negative, and usually it was so, he would then calmly order a messenger to fetch them, remarking that it would be ungenerous to decide, and unscriptural to act, merely from hearing the statement of one party. This determination always produced alarm, and the request that nothing

might be mentioned to the parties implicated. This plan had a peaceful influence, and often produced humility and self-accusation. Assertions and proofs are very different grounds for the exercise of judgment; and are more distinct than angry persons imagine.

UNDER THE CLOUD.—“*My soul refused to be comforted.*” *Psalm lxxvii, 2.*

Mr. Baxter, giving an account of Mr. James Nalton, a holy minister, but subject to occasional depression of spirits, says, “Less than a year before his death he fell into a grievous fit of melancholy, in which he was so confident of his gracelessness, that he usually cried out, ‘O, not one spark of grace, not one good desire or thought! I can no more pray than a post. If an angel from heaven would tell me that I have true grace, I would not believe him.’ And yet at that time did he pray very well; and I could demonstrate his sincerity so much to him in his desires and life, that he had not a word to say against it, but yet was harping still on the same string, and would hardly be persuaded that he was melancholy. It pleased God to recover him from this fit, and shortly after he confessed that what I said was true, that his despair was all the effect of melancholy, and rejoiced much in God’s deliverance.”

THANKSGIVING.—“*Enter into his gates with thanksgiving; and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.*” *Psalm c, 4.*

There is a tradition, says Dr. Franklin, that in the planting of New England, the first settlers met with many difficulties and hardships, as is generally the case when a civilized people attempt establishing themselves in a wilderness country. Being men of piety, they sought relief from heaven by laying their wants and distresses before the Lord on frequent set days of fasting and prayer. Constant meditation and discourse on their difficulties kept their minds gloomy and discontented; and, like the children of Israel, there were many disposed to return to Egypt, which persecution had induced them to abandon. At length, when it was proposed in one of their assemblies to proclaim a fast, a farmer of plain sense rose and remarked, that the inconveniences they suffered, and concerning which they had so often wearied Heaven with their complaints, were not so great as might have been expected, and were diminishing every day as the colony strengthened; that the earth began to reward their toil, and to furnish liberally for their subsistence; that the seas and rivers were full of fish, the air sweet, the climate healthy; and, above all, that they were in the full enjoyment of their civil and religious liberty: he therefore thought, that reflecting and conversing on these subjects would be more comfortable, as tending more to make them contented with their situation; and that it would be more becoming the gratitude they owed the divine Being, if, instead of a fast, they should appoint a thanksgiving. His advice was taken, and from that day to this they have, in every year, observed circumstances of public felicity sufficient to furnish cause for a Thanksgiving-day; which is therefore constantly ordered, and religiously observed, not only in New England, but in other states of the Union.

GOD’S WATCHFULNESS.—“*Thou God seest me.*” *Genesis xvi, 13.*

In a market town in Buckinghamshire, several Christians of different denominations united to support and teach a Sabbath school in a neighboring village. One of the teachers, who was accustomed to address the children and other attendants, on religious subjects, was one Sabbath morning, during winter, very greatly discouraged in the prospect of his duties, and entirely unable to fix on a topic for his usual address. Walking along in this disconsolate state of mind, he found written on the snow, apparently with the stick of some passing traveler, that striking passage of holy Scripture: “Thou God seest me.” He resolved on making this the foundation of his remarks, and the happy result was the conversion to God of two of his hearers, who became consistent members of a Christian Church.

LOVE FOR GOD’S HOUSE.—“*Who maketh the deaf?*” *Exodus iv, 11.*

“I have in my congregation,” said a venerable minister of the Gospel, “a worthy aged woman, who has for many years been so deaf as not to distinguish the loudest sound, and yet she is always one of the first in the meeting. On asking the reason of her constant attendance, as it was impossible for her to hear my voice, she answered, ‘Though I can not hear you, I come to God’s house because I love it, and would be found in his ways; and he gives me many a sweet thought upon the text, when it is pointed out to me: another reason is, because there I am in the best company, in the more immediate presence of God, and among his saints, the honorable of the earth. I am not satisfied with serving God in private; it is my duty and privilege to honor him regularly and constantly in public.’”

OFFERING UNTO THE LORD.—“*I have brought away the hallowed things out of mine house, and also have given them unto the Levite.*” *Deut. xxi, 13.*

“Sir,” said a poor laboring man to a minister in a letter, “when you preached the missionary sermon last year, I was grieved that I had it not in my power to give what I wished. I thought and thought, and consulted my wife whether there was any thing which we could spare without stinting the poor children; but it seemed that we lived as near as possible in every respect, and had nothing but what was absolutely necessary. At last it came into my mind, ‘Is that fourpence which goes every week for an ounce of tobacco absolutely necessary?’ I had been used to it so long, that I scarcely thought it possible to do without it, however I resolved to try; so, instead of spending the fourpence I dropped it into a box. The first week I felt it sorely, but the second week it was easier; and in the course of a few weeks it was little or no sacrifice at all; at least I can say that the pleasure far outweighed the sacrifice. When my children found what I was doing they wished to contribute also; and if ever they got a penny or half-penny given them for their own pleasure, it was sure to find its way into the box instead of the cake-shop. On opening the box I have the pleasure to find that our collected pence amounted to one pound, which I now inclose, and pray that the Lord may give his blessing with it.”

Notes and Queries.

"THE GOVERNOR [OR RULER] OF THE FEAST." John ii, 8, 9.—This was a person appointed, at the private feasts of the ancients, to an honorary dictatorship in all matters pertaining to the management of the banquet. He was selected from among the number of the guests, and held his office by lot, or by general consent. His duty was to regulate the positions of the guests at the table in accordance with their social rank; to determine the number and order of the "toasts," and the proper proportions of the wine and water in which the toasts were to be drunk—the ancients rarely drank their wine undiluted—and, in general, to decide any question or dispute that might arise among the guests, so that the harmony of the table should not be violated. The son of Sirach gives directions how one should behave in this office: "If they have made thee master of a feast, be not elated, but conduct thyself among them as one of the company. Have a care for their comfort, and arrange them at the feast accordingly. And when thou hast fully performed thy office, take thy place, that thou mayest be merry with them, and receive a crown for thy well ordering of the feast." *Ecclesiasticus*, xxxv, 1, 2.

Such was the "governor of the feast" at the marriage in Cana, honored by the presence of the Savior and his disciples. The fact that such an officer was appointed on this occasion, in a Jewish family, shows that it must have been a family of some cultivation, since they adopted the social customs of the more refined Greeks; while the failure of the wine shows just as clearly that the family were indigent, since unable to provide a sufficiency of wine in a country where it was the ordinary and cheap beverage of the people.

It is only on public festal occasions that, in modern times, we have any approach to the symposiarch of the ancients. At our large public "dinners" we appoint a president, who takes the "head of the table," and becomes the "ruler of the feast." It is probable to the prominence of one in this position that is due the proverbial saying which Shakspeare uses of one of his characters:

"Suffolk, the new-made duke, that rules the roast."

Our modern parties are generally larger than those of the old Greeks. They had a rule for the proper number at a banquet, at which there should be a feast of reason and a flow of soul—"Not fewer than the number of the graces, nor more than the number of the muses." And our hours for social gatherings are changed, for the worse, from theirs. They went early, sometimes even in the day, and adjourned betimes; we meet late at night, and "go home in the morning." Modern fashionable habits are well illustrated by the following anecdote respecting the hours for a social party. The eccentric Dr. Kitchener, whose notions were nearly those of the old Greeks, with a view to regulate this matter, placed in his

drawing-room, on the evenings of his conversaciones, a notification:

"Come at seven, go at eleven."

George Colman, to whom, in common with most modern excitement-seekers, such early hours were an abomination, proposed to modify the notice slightly somewhat, by inserting a small pronoun:

"Come at seven, go *it* at eleven."

WHEN WAS SERFDOM ABOLISHED IN EUROPE?—The measures adopted in the last two years by Alexander II, of Russia, toward the abolishment of serfdom in his empire, have excited the attention and applause of the civilized world, as being so different from what has usually been considered the character of Russian civilization, or the tendency of her political system. Many suppose that country is ages behind the rest of Europe in its progress toward free institutions; but the facts show a very different state of things. It is within the memory of men still living, that in almost all the countries of continental Europe serfdom was as absolute, if not as extensive, as it is in Russia to-day.

At the close of the eighteenth century, says De Tocqueville, there was hardly any part of Germany in which serfdom was completely abolished. Generally speaking, peasants still formed part of the stock on hand, as they had done during the Middle Ages. Nearly all the soldiers in the armies of Maria Theresa and Frederick were absolute serfs. The general rule with regard to German peasants was that they should not leave the estate to which they were attached; and if they did, that they should be brought back by force. They could not rise in their calling, or change it, or marry without leave of their master. A great proportion of their time was given up to his service. These exactions were rigorous, and absorbed, in some places, three days of the week. The peasant rebuilt and kept in repair his Seigneur's house, took his produce to market, served him as coachman and messenger. Many years of his youth were spent in domestic service on the manor. A serf might obtain a farm, but his rights of property always remained inchoate. He was bound to farm his land under his Seigneur's eye, according to his Seigneur's directions; he could neither alienate it nor mortgage it without leave. Sometimes he was bound to sell the produce of his farm, sometimes he was forbidden to sell it; yet was always bound to keep his land under cultivation. His estate did not wholly pass to his children; a portion went to the Seigneur.

Quite contrary to the ordinary view, De Tocqueville shows that at the period of the French Revolution—1789—these feudal rights were far less burdensome in France than in other parts of the continent. In one or two of the eastern provinces some stray relics of serfdom survived, but elsewhere, throughout France, it had long ceased to exist in any vital form. The

peasants came and went, bought and sold, wrought and contracted without let or hinderance.

The following table exhibits the dates of the final abolition of serfdom in the states of Germany. It will be seen that most of these are *after* the French Revolution; and, in many instances, as a direct effect of the influences then put in motion:

Baden.....	1783
Hohenzollern.....	1789
Schleswig-Holstein.....	1804
Nassau.....	1808
Bavaria.....	1808
Grand-duchy of Berg.....	1808
Erfurt.....	1808
Baireuth, etc.....	1808
Westphalia.....	1808
Prussia.....	1809
Lippe-Deimold.....	1809
Schomburg-Lippe.....	1810
Pomerania-Sweden.....	1810
Hesse-Darmstadt.....	1809-11
Austria.....	1811
Oldenburg.....	1814
Wurtemberg.....	1817
Mecklenburg.....	1820
Lusatia-Saxony.....	1832
Hohenollern-Sigmaringen.....	1833
Hungary, by the Magyar Republic.....	1848

The last-named country, and Brandenburg, Old Prussia, and Silesia in Germany, were peopled by the Slavic race, and serfdom was much harsher in these countries than in the rest of Germany. *

ANSWER TO QUESTION IN JUNE NUMBER—Had Christ any brothers and sisters?

The doctrine of the perpetual virginity of the mother of Christ is untenable; the infallible decree of Pío Nono, notwithstanding; but we have no evidence that she ever had other children. The persons mentioned in Matthew xiii, 55, as "His brethren, James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas, and his sister *s*," were probably *cousins*, but called "*brethren and sisters*," after the Hebrew usage, which extends these words of affection to the more distant relations. But these individuals, who are the only ones named as Christ's brethren, were certainly not the sons of the Virgin; they were the sons of a Mary who was the sister of the mother of Jesus—John xix, 25; Matthew xxvii, 56—they were also the sons of Alpheus—Luke vi, 15, 16—and Alpheus is but a softer form of the name of Cleophas, the husband—John xix, 25—of Mary, the sister of Christ's mother. Again, all these persons were alive at the time of Christ's crucifixion; yet Mary, the mother of Christ, appears to have had no natural protector to whom she could look after the death of her son; and so, "when Jesus saw his mother, and the disciple standing by whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home." John xix, 26, 27. This incident, so touching and so modestly told, is conclusive against the view that Christ had younger brothers and sisters. *

ANSWER TO MINNIE'S QUESTION—Why are unmarried females called spinsters?

Under the old English rule, it was a custom, amounting almost to a positive law, that all females, at the time of their marriage, should own, by their own right, a quantity, more or less, of wearing apparel, bed-clothes, drapery, etc.; and as evidence that

they were thrifty and industrious, and would make good house-wives, they were required, but oftener voluntarily chose, to spin and weave them with their own hands. Hence, at that day and age of the world, a single lady was called a "spinster," as it was taken for granted that she was manufacturing these fabrics in anticipation of presiding over some worthy young man's household. S.

BOTANICAL SPECIMENS.—Answer to C. H. M.'s Query.

I think the best method to press and preserve botanical specimens is to place them in a large book, the larger the better; then put a weight on the book, so that the specimens are kept air-tight. In a few days they will be dry, and retain all their former color and beauty. J. E. L.

THE PROJECTED AND FALLING CANNON-BALL.—Answer to Query in February Number: "If it be true that a cannon-ball shot horizontally from an elevation, and one let fall from the same place at the same time, will both strike a plain at the same instant?" etc.

This supposition is manifestly at variance with a fundamental law of science, to wit, that projectile force has a *tendency* to counteract or overcome the force of gravitation. If this is true of the moon and the earth, it is no less true of a cannon-ball; and the very same text-book that inculcates the absurd theory of the "two cannon-balls," also tells us, that a cannon-ball, or other body, projected horizontally, with a certain velocity at a given height above the earth, would become a little satellite, and continue forever revolving around the earth. If this is true, of which I have no doubt, we may with safety and certainty conclude that a cannon-ball shot horizontally, at any height above the earth, would not descend as rapidly as one let fall perpendicularly, and hence would not strike the earth so soon, the earth being considered as a level surface. E. R.

QUERIES.—1. Geologists speak of the "*drift* period." Is not every period a "*drift* period?" Or, in other words, are not the causes which operate to produce "*drift*" continually acting? W. T. C.

2. In perusing "Physical Geography," I find in effect the following statement, that warm winds blowing from the "Sahara," across the Mediterranean, tend to elevate the temperature of southern Europe. Now, will some of the readers of the "Repository" enlighten me a little as to how the wind can blow from instead of toward the point of greatest heat? I confess my inability to solve this apparent difficulty. W. T. C.

3. There is a kind of melon frequently preserved for a sweetmeat, which is commonly called "*citron*;" what is the proper name for it? Webster says, citron is a fruit growing on trees. CATO.

4. Author and meaning of *invicta Minerva*? CATO.

5. What are the eyelids of the morning, to which the Lord compares the eyes of Leviathan, in the 18th verse of the forty-first chapter of Job? P. F.

6. What is the meaning and derivation of the homely proverb, as an expression of the marvelous, "Taking the rag off the bush?" X.

Children's Department.

"NOW, FATHER."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Now, father"—they were only two little words, but they were set in soft, pleading tones, which have more weight than a score of arguments.

"I know jest what you mean, Esther," exclaimed Jason Strong, as he slipped his right arm into his workman's "overalls" that spring morning, set in low, dull clouds, "but there 's no use wasting any words between us. It would be folly and madness for us to think of adopting widow Blake's child, when it 's jest as much as we can do, by screwin' and turnin', to put bread into the mouths of the three we 've got at home.

"No man has a better will than mine; but when I'm laid up half the winter with rheumatiz and can't earn but seventy cents a day on the best jobs, it 's high time to put down any notions about taking other folks' children, when the chances are our own 'll have to scatter afore long."

He was a large, heavy-limbed, stalwart man—she was a small, shrinking, gentle-faced and voiced woman, and now her tones came up like a minor key after the gruff, positive voice, which half concealed as honest and true a heart as ever beat in man's bosom.

"I know, Jason, it 's all true, that you 've a hard row to hoe, and it seems, as you say, a mighty tug to make two ends meet and take care of the children God has given us, but I do n't believe he 'll forget if we remember the widow and the fatherless in their affliction; and what if it was little sis now?"

Here Mr. Strong raised the key and went energetically to winding up the clock.

"You know," continued the little woman, setting a couple of chairs opposite each other, and girdling their backs with a skein of blue woolen yarn, "that the doctor says Miss Blake can't stand it more 'n this week out, and I tell you, Jason, it fairly broke me down when I went in there last night and little Minnie's golden head was a shinin' and a dobbin' around among the chairs where she was playin' singin' school, till I could think of nothin' but the buttercups a twinklin' every May amongst the clover, and Miss Blake's eyes followed her with a longin', pinyin', anxious look, and then turned on me.

"O, Miss Strong, what 'll become on her?" she said.

"God 'll take care on her, Miss Blake."

"But sometimes I forget this, and then it seems as if I could n't die in peace and leave her here, without a friend in the wide world to look out for her, with her father a sleepin' away off under the deep waters, and her mother lyin' in a little corner of the village church-yard."

"Come, wife, come," here interrupted Mr. Strong in a quick, sharp voice, and he took out his pocket handkerchief and blew his nose with a great deal of emphasis.

His wife did not observe it—she was very intent just at that moment on shaping her ball of yarn with her thumb and forefinger.

"Well, Jason, I have n't much more to say, for Miss Blake broke right down here herself; and I could n't find a word to comfort her, for somethin' away down in my heart kept a whisperin', 'Suppose, now, it was your little Wealthy?'"

"It would be dreadful tough, wife, that 's a fact!" exclaimed the carpenter, and he put one foot uneasily before the other.

"And then suppose Miss Blake stood in our case"—

"O, mother, I see now jest what you 're coming to," interrupted Mr. Strong in a half-surly, half-despairing tone.

"I an't comin' to any thing but this, father, that we 've got all God's promises on our side, and I do n't believe he 's goin' to let us break down 'cos we took that poor little motherless thing under our roof, when she 'd have to be put into the poor-house or among strangers that would abuse her. I tell you," and here the tears flashed right out into the little woman's eyes, and the soft-spoken voice gathered new strength and fervor, "every mouthful that I eat would choke me, and my pillow, when I lay down on it at night, would be full of thorns to me, thinkin' of that poor little lamb among cold-hearted, cruel strangers."

Mr. Strong muttered something which sounded very much like "woman's nonsense," but somehow the words did n't get fairly out of his throat.

Mrs. Strong went up to her husband and laid her hand on his arm, and the pale, faded face shone with something that was finer than the lost beauty of its girlhood, as she said, "Now, father, there 's no use tryin', you know you 'll never let that child suffer so long as you 've got a roof to cover you or a crust to eat."

"Well, wife, take your own way. I never was good at argufyin' with women," and the man turned abruptly and went out of the house, ashamed to own that his warm, true heart indorsed every word his wife had spoken.

In a minute, however, the kitchen door opened again.

"Wife, I say."

"Well, father."

"You 'd better go right over and tell Miss Blake you 've concluded to take the child. It 'll set her mind at rest like, and jest now she needs it enough."

"There, did n't I see?" murmured Mrs. Strong to herself after the door closed; "it 's well I know how to get on the right side o' father's heart."

"There now, Johnnie, do n't Minnie look pretty?" and Wealthy Strong turned round the dainty little creature whose golden head she had crowned with a tasteful wreath of white and pink wood-blossoms.

"Yes, she does, that 's a fact," answered the very practical boy, as he slowly drew in his fishing-line.

It was a bright, still afternoon in the early summer, and John Strong had brought the two little girls over to the pond, and while he hauled in with shouts of triumph his prizes of pickerel and bass, Wealthy had twined a wreath of blossoms, which she and Minnie had gathered in the woods a little way off, and wound them in the child's tresses.

The brother and sister were healthy, robust-looking children, with the round limbs and sun-browned faces which tell their own stories of country life; but Minnie Blake was one of those children, the very sight of which brought a new joy into the eyes of all who love beauty. She was small and delicate, with eyes blue and deep as still lakes locked in between deep mountains, and her hair had the golden ripeness of the harvest-pears that dropped every autumn on the grass in Mr. Strong's back yard.

The bloom of two woodland roses were set in her cheeks, and sweet smiles were forever clustering over the dimples hidden about her lips.

She had resided with the Strongs for more than two years, and all this time the little orphan, Minnie Blake, had been like a sweet flower, filling their home with fragrance.

But it had been a home where went on constantly a sharp, strong battle with poverty—a battle that was lightened and sanctified by faith in God and sweet affections and tender cares. But this summer had opened more darkly than its predecessors, for Mr. Strong's rheumatic attacks had been longer and more serious than any of the previous ones. He had lost several important "jobs" for that season in consequence of his illness; and his oldest son, who had just crossed his fourteenth birthday, had been obliged to leave the district school and let himself out as "chore boy" to a penurious old farmer in the vicinity of Woodford.

So troubles thickened over the head of the carpenter's little family, and the face of Mrs. Strong grew paler, and more patient day by day.

"You just get away from my father's pond if you know what's good for you."

The loud, harsh tones broke suddenly in upon the children's voices, and looking up hastily in the direction of the voice saw Squire Morton's oldest son standing in the field opposite the meadow, through whose dark grass the little pond flashed the silver embroidery of its waters.

Now, although the meadow in reality belonged to the Squire, it was regarded as "public property" by all the neighbors, and the school-boys assembled here every Saturday afternoon for piscatory achievements, amid boisterous jests and frolic.

John Strong was a bold, out-spoken boy, and the insolent tones of the Squire's son at once roused all his belligerent qualities.

"The pond belongs quite as much to me as it does to you, sir, and I shall stay here just as long as I like, for all your orders."

"You will, eh? I'd like to know what right you, a poor beggar of a carpenter's son, have to speak to me in that way," and Robert Morton, whose naturally overbearing disposition had been nurtured by the indulgence of most injudicious parents—for he was an only son—advanced toward the boy, whose

senior he was by two or three years, tauntingly cracking a small riding-whip which he carried in his hand. The angry blood burned over the face of John Strong while the girls shrieked for fear. "Come on," he cried, assuming a belligerent attitude and doubling his fists, "I'm not afraid of you, Rob. Morton, if you are the Squire's son, and I'd like fust rate to give you a lickin' for that insult."

It was not the right action nor the right answer; but the carpenter's son forgot in that hour of sore temptation what many older and wiser heads than his have done, that it is neither money nor station which makes the true gentleman, only the heart that is gentle, and noble, and self-sustained; and John Strong certainly descended when he replied to the taunts of the Squire's son, aggravating as they were.

Robert Morton had a handsome face, but it was one of those, despite its dark, clearly-cut features, which your heart never clung to—one which, the more it was studied the less it was loved; and now an expression of angry pride darkened and distorted every lineament as he stood still a moment before John Strong, and then lifting his whip struck him a quick, sharp blow on his forehead. The next moment the two boys closed in an angry struggle. John was the smaller of the two, but exercise had developed his muscles and given him a degree of physical power which one would hardly have suspected from the first glance.

He soon succeeded in wresting the whip from the Squire's son, and after a brief struggle threw him on the ground, and as John's temper had completely overmastered him he gave his antagonist a severer beating than he was himself aware of.

"I'll make you pay for this, old fellow; you'll see," growled the boy as, with bruised face and stiff limbs, he limped away.

"O, father, my Johnnie sent to jail! I shall never be able to lift up my head again," and the mother wrung her hands, and the tears scattered themselves over her pale cheeks.

It was a dark day under the roof of the little red-house of the carpenter, Jason Strong.

The Squire's son had executed his threat, and so worked upon his father's sympathies and indignation by the story of the wrongs which he had received, that he had commenced a suit against the carpenter on account of his son, and the latter was sent to jail because his father could not raise the hundred dollars which would have paid the boy's bonds.

Jason Strong leaned his head in his hard hands and groaned, while Minnie and Wealthy, who scarcely comprehended the fearful tidings, crept close to each other in one corner of the kitchen, and sidled their little brown hands into each other's, and looked with sorrowful faces upon the father and mother.

"My boy in jail," murmured the poor mother, as she paced, with locked hands, up and down the room; "my little boy that I loved so and was so proud of, whose little brown head I have rocked to sleep so many nights in the cradle yonder!"

"O do n't, do n't, wife," groaned the carpenter, and his whole frame shook like a sobbing child's, while the two girls cried softly in the corner.

And just at that moment the front gate of the red house was opened and a man strode into the yard, and up to the front door—a man small and somewhat thin, but having that rambling gait and sailor's dress which at once indicated his nautical occupation.

His eyes roamed a moment over the humble cottage, its mossy roof embroidered with golden devices of the sunset; then he lifted the heavy handle of the brass knocker and gave such a summons that it must have reached the ears of any living soul under the low roof.

She put her small, sweet face out of the front door and looked up eagerly at the man.

"Can you tell me, little one, if a man by the name o' Strong hails from this craft?"

The blue eyes dilated with sweet wonder at the strange language.

"I do n't know what you mean."

"An't used to sailor's yarns, eh, little sea-bird? Well, then, can you tell us who lives inside?"

"His name 's Jason Strong."

"The very man I 'm after," exclaimed the sailor, setting his foot over the threshold; then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he checked himself, and looking down earnestly on the child he asked, "Won't you tell me your name?"

"I 'm Minnie Blake."

He reached out his strong arms and lifted the small figure, and folded it up closely as a mother her newly-found child to his heart, and the words came in a sob to his lips, "My child, I 'm your father."

O there was wonder and joy in the carpenter's house that night, when it was discovered that Minnie's father had returned to them—he whose hair they thought had been dragged by the salt sea waves for more than three years. He had a long story to tell of terrible misadventures by land and sea—of miscarried letters, and years of sickness in a strange land, and at last of restored health—of tidings that reached him of the death of his wife, and of his daughter's adoption by their neighbor and his old playmate, Jason Strong.

And the carpenter, in his turn, had a mournful tale to relate of sickness, and poverty, and hopes deferred; but the saddest part of the story was its conclusion.

"A hundred dollars!" growled the sailor, and he drew out his plethoric pocket-book.

"Old friend, you took my child into your craft when the storm came down hardest. Your boy won't lie in jail two hours longer."

There was double joy in the carpenter's house that night. Johnnie Strong was removed from jail, for the sailor was as good as his word, and a lawyer was procured to plead the case of the carpenter's son, who did it so ably and eloquently that the boy was acquitted, to the great astonishment and rage of Squire Morton.

"I 'm tired of the seas, old friend," said the sailor one evening a week after his return, as he sat in Jason Strong's little kitchen, with Minnie on his knee, and her small, brown fingers fluttering like the wings of newly-fledged birds in his iron-gray hair; "and when I lay out on an old raft one night at sea, and it seemed as though every wave that went over us would

be the last we could stand, I made a solemn promise with my own soul, that if ever God brought me to see the shore again I 'd never leave it to take another voyage for all the gold of the East Indies.

"And I 've got a thousand dollars that the old General gave me for tying his son on the raft, and I 've concluded to put it into some acres o' ground round here and turn farmer; for I an't quite forgot the old trade I was brought up to, nor you either, I reckon, Jason; so if you 're a mind to agree to go in business with me you shall have half the profits, and it 'll pay you better than jinerin'."

Jason Strong cleared his throat twice to answer, but the thoughts which rose up in his heart choked back the words, and his wife spoke for him. "It 's been the dream and the hope o' father's life, givin' up his trade and gettin' hold of a few acres o' land to cultivate, but we 'd given up all hope of it long afore this."

"Well, my friends, the Lord do n't forget them that remember the widow and the fatherless," answered the sailor, and he hugged up Minnie close to his heart.

"That 's what I said, father, that mornin'—do n't you know?" wound up the soft, eager voice of the little pale-faced woman, as she folded up the child's coat she had just mended.

"Yes, I know, Esther; and I know, too, that unto you belongs all the praise, for it was God who put it into your heart to take the child."

GO BACK, ROSE; YOU 'RE TOO LITTLE TO COME!

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

THERE were three of us—Kate, Annette, and myself—and we were going into the old wood to hunt for strawberries. O! it was such a delicious day in June. The birds sang till the air was fairly vocal with their melody, and all the green trees nodded their heads in approbation. The very brook seemed to have caught the general inspiration, and danced along through the meadows, as if keeping time to a quickstep of the fairies.

Annette Summers and I had been invited to spend the half-holiday with our schoolmate Kate Harrington. Deacon Harrington's old-fashioned, brown house fronted toward the south. Behind it stretched a broad, green meadow, and still farther back was a densely-wooded acclivity, famous for flowers and berries in the geography of every child in Ryefield. I used to love to look at Deacon Harrington's old brown house, even in those early days, when I had not a single well-defined notion of artistic taste in my curly head. I know now that it combined to an eminent degree the elements of the picturesque. The low roof, which sloped backward nearly to the ground, was gray with moss. Ivy crept about the windows, and over the rustic porch had twined climbing roses, along with heavy clusters of trumpet creeper.

There was a rude seat at the door-way, made of the lithe boughs of the white birch, twisted together in fantastic fashion, and here grandmother Harrington was wont to sit, with her gray woolen knitting work. O what a treat we used to think it to spend a half-holiday with Kate Harrington!

"I wish I were you, Kate!" exclaimed Annette, after we had spent half the long summer afternoon chasing butterflies, and arranging a vegetable baby-house, with hollyhocks for our ladies' parasols, and tea-pots manufactured out of veritable poppy-pods; "I wish I were you, and then I could be happy all day long, with nothing to trouble me."

"You could, could you?" and Kate's cheeks flushed as she put away from them her heavy bands of black hair—"you think so, and that's all you know about it. I have a thousand things to vex me. There's Rose, for instance. Mother expects me to be constantly taking care of her, and she's the greatest little torment you ever saw. By the way, girls, let's start after those strawberries in the wood, now she's out of sight for a minute, so she won't tease to go with us!"

We were just about half-way across the meadow, when we heard a sweet voice crying:

"P'ease, sister Kate; Rose wants to go, too."

I turned round, I remember, and thought how beautiful was the little creature coming toward us. She was very unlike her sister Kate. Kate was a brunette, but the little white-robed figure tripping across the meadow, had a pale, spiritual face, and long curls of golden hair falling to her tiny waist. There was a flush on her cheek, and a look of eager, beseeching interest in her large, blue eyes; and she stretched her dimpled arms toward us, and kept crying in her earnestness:

"P'ease, girls, wait for Rose."

A look of vexation crossed Kate's face, and she called out in a tone of extreme irritability,

"Go back, Rose; you're too little to come! Go back! go back!"

Kate always had a way of being minded, and the little one put her fingers to her eyes, and silently turned toward the house. We hurried on in the direction of the wood, without giving a single glance backward. I think Kate's conscience reproached her for her selfishness, and I know my own pleasure was spoiled for the afternoon. We found plenty of strawberries, red and ripe, among the beds of leaves. There were little blue-eyed blossoms, too, that kept reminding me of Rosie, and I was not sorry when the sunset shadows lengthened, and we turned to go home.

We had gone down the hill out of the wood, and crossed several rods of the meadow-land, when Kate said, in a hoarse whisper, "See there, girls, what is that white thing by the brook? Do you see it?"

We saw it, and hurried toward it. It was Rose. At first we thought she was dead. Scarcely seemed the faintest breath to steal from her parted lips, and the pulsations of her heart were so weak you could scarcely feel them. She was in a kind of trance-like sleep. It was some time before we could succeed in waking her, and then her limbs seemed chilled and stiffened by the subtle dampness of the meadow-land atmosphere. She could not stand. How many times that afternoon the little darling had begged us to "make a chair" for her, with our hands, and we had answered that we could n't stop! We made one now. She twined her dimpled arms about our necks, and held on very tight, but she did n't speak, except

once, and then she only said, "An't I most big enough, sister Kate?"

Mrs. Harrington met us at the door with a wild look of alarm. "Good heavens, Kate!" she exclaimed, "what's the matter with Rose?" And taking her from our arms, she discovered that her clothes were almost saturated with moisture. "Kate, child, why do n't you speak? Has Rose been in the water?"

"No, ma'am; but she went into the meadow and got to sleep, and we found her sleeping there when we came back." . . .

O, there were anxious hearts in Deacon Harrington's brown house that night. Very tenderly was the suffering little Rose cradled on her mother's breast, but not once did she speak coherently. Her cheeks burned, and her eyes sparkled with fever; her dimpled arms were tossed above her head, and every little while, between her moans, she would stretch out her hands toward some imaginary object and say, "P'ease, sister Kate, is n't Rose most big enough?"

Three days passed—days of incessant watching and weariness, and toward evening the little Rose opened her blue eyes, after a restless slumber. She seemed much better, and the mother glanced hopefully up to the kind physician bending over her.

"I can not say she's better, madam. God knows I wish I could; but Rose must die before midnight!" and the tears stood in glittering drops on the good man's cheeks.

The mother's great grief was not noisy. She quietly lifted her darling from the bed, and sat down with her in her arms. Kate stood by, sobbing, as if already the brand of Cain were upon her brow.

"P'ease, mamma," said the little one at length, "am I big enough to go to heaven?"

"Yes, darling," was the tearful answer. "Jesus loves little children."

"And, mamma, do you s'pose he'll forgive me for sitting down in the meadows to watch Katie, when you told me I must n't ever stay there?"

"Yes, my pet, the good Savior will forgive you for any thing, if you are only sorry; but Rosie does n't want to go to heaven and leave mother, does she?"

"I heard somebody say I must go, when I was asleep, mother; a beautiful lady, with O! such white, shining wings, and she stretched out her arms to take me, but I did n't go. I woke up just to kiss you and sister once more. P'ease kiss me, Katie. 'Tittle Rose won't never be naughty any more up in heaven, and I'll grow big before you come, Katie, so I can play with you up there!"

There were tears, sighs, a funeral, and a little coffin. The rosebud opened its petals on the bosom of Jesus. The little earth-flower was "big enough for heaven!"

SAYING PRAYERS AND PRAYING.—One day little Orze failed to give that evidence of love and obedience which he usually shows. After he had retired his father spoke to him about it, showing him the importance of praying to Jesus to forgive all our sins and make our hearts right, and advised him thus to pray. In honest simplicity he replied, "Pa, I can say my prayers, but I do n't know how to pray."

J. W. S.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

THE BIBLE CONFIRMED BY AN EGYPTIAN SEAL AT NINEVEH.—On the temple walls of ancient Egypt, among the figures of men and gods and many historical records, there frequently occur certain oblong parallelograms with rounded corners, inclosing various hieroglyphics. These cartouches, as they are called, often stand over the image of some king, and being deciphered are found to contain his name, titles, etc., and seem to be somewhat like the coat of arms or the royal signet of modern princes. Each king has a cartouch of his own, and in some cases these kings are identified with kings known to us through history. Among these are Shishak, 2 Chr. xii, 1-9; Tirhakah, 2 Kings xix, 9; Pharaoh-necho, 2 Kings xxiii, 29-35; and Sabaco II, or So, 2 Kings xvii, 4, mentioned in Bible history. This last king, So, was of the Ethiopian or twenty-fifth dynasty, and his cartouch is well known to the student of Egyptian antiquities.

Egypt lay at a distance from Assyria, and an army from the one country could not reach the other without going through the Jewish territory, or traversing vast and almost impassable deserts. Yet the Bible informs us that at one period these two nations were frequently in conflict with each other. Thus we find Assyrian armies in Egypt, Isa. xx, and an Egyptian army on the borders of Assyria, Jer. xlvi, 2; and the Jews were involved in the strifes of these powerful neighbors. King Josiah was defeated and slain by an Egyptian army on its march against Assyria. Hosea, king of Israel, made a treaty with So, king of Egypt, to help him to throw off the yoke of Shalmaneser, king of Assyria; but the result was an Assyrian invasion, and the first great captivity of the kingdom of Israel. This So, or Sabaco II, was succeeded by Tirhakah in Egypt, and Shalmaneser in Assyria by Sennacherib, and hostilities existed during both reigns—2 Kings xix, 9—war alternating with peace—the campaign followed by the treaty. But who could have hoped to find any new verification of these statements of Scripture after the lapse of 2,500 years!

Yet this has been done. In the mound of Kouyunjik, recently explored, on the site of Nineveh, the ancient capital of Assyria, are found the remains of a palace built, as its own record informs us, by Sennacherib. One of its chambers would seem to have been a hall of records, for it contained a large number of pieces of fine clay bearing the impression of seals. Such clay was used in those ages, as sealing-wax is used now, in sealing important documents, and manuscripts have been found in Egypt with these clay seals still attached to them. One of these pieces of clay in Sennacherib's palace presents us with two seals, one a royal signet of Assyria, and the other the well-known cartouch of Sabaco, or So, king of Egypt, just as it stands on the Egyptian monuments; thus showing the probability that a treaty between the two monarchs had been deposited here, and fur-

nishing an unexpected confirmation of the Bible history. The document itself, and the cord by which it was attached to the seal, have long since turned to dust, but the seal with its double impress, though buried for ages, has come to light, and is now in the British Museum. The two kings affixed their seals to a document, which has perished like themselves; but in their act the hand of the Most High affixed an additional seal to his holy word, which is true and abideth forever.

RACES AND RELIGIONS.—The whole North American continent has only 36,000,000 of inhabitants, hardly as much as France or Austria. The whole of Central and South America has only 23,000,000; less, then, than Italy. European Prussia, with its 60,000,000, has as many inhabitants as America, Australia, and Polynesia together. More people live in London than in all Australia and Polynesia. China proper has more inhabitants than America, Australia, and Africa put together, and India has nearly three times as many inhabitants as the whole of the new world. The result is that our planet bears 1,288,000,000 of mankind, of which sum total 522,000,000 belong to the Mongolian, 369,000,000 to the Caucasian, 200,000,000 to the Malayan, 196,000,000 to the Ethiopian, and 1,000,000 to the American race. Divided according to their confessions there are 335,000,000 of Christians, 5,000,000 of Jews, 600,000,000 belonging to Asiatic religions, 160,000,000 to Mohammedanism, and 200,000,000 of heathen.

AN ANCIENT GREEK BIBLE.—A very important discovery has been made by Professor Tischendorf, in a convent at Cairo, of an ancient Greek Bible manuscript. A letter written by Tischendorf himself gives some further particulars on this most interesting subject. The convent in which the literary treasure was found is situated at the foot of Mount Moses, and the Professor states that it is quite as interesting as the celebrated manuscript in the Vatican, on account of its antiquity, its extent, and its handwriting; nay, that it possesses qualities which must give it a still higher rank and a still greater importance in Biblical literature. It contains, in the first place, very considerable portions of the Old Testament, namely, the principal part of the greater and minor prophets, the Psalter, the book of Job, that of Jesus Sirach, the wisdom of Solomon, and several others of the so-called Apocryphal books. After these come the whole of the New Testament, followed by the Epistle of St. Barnabas, and the first portion of the "Shepherd of Hermas," a writing of the second century, the Greek text of which was, till lately, supposed to be lost. Tischendorf has caused a careful and revised copy of 132,000 lines of the manuscript to be made. He concludes his notice of the discovery with the following words: "The Vatican manuscript had been known for three hundred years before the long-cherished desire for its publication was satisfied. Instead of so many

centuries, it will, perhaps, require only as many years to enrich our Christian literature with this newly-discovered and most valuable treasure."

STATISTICS OF THE ANGLO-JEWISH COMMUNITY.—The Anglo-Jewish community now numbers between 35,000 and 40,000 souls. It has nearly quadrupled itself since 1750. About fourteen out of every thousand marry annually. The highest number of interments during the last nine years was in 1853. But even taking this most unfavorable standard—695—the rate of mortality is not thirty per thousand, which is considerably below the average rate, this being in our country twenty-three per thousand. Instead of two suicides annually, the proportion due to the number of the community, there is perhaps one in five years; instead of twenty violent deaths annually, we perhaps hear of one. There are at present in the whole of Great Britain and Ireland forty-six independent synagogues, forty-two of which are in England, of which there are in London seven, exclusive of two branch synagogues and a few other uncertified places of worship.

DISCOVERY OF THE TOMB OF PHARAOH AMOSIS.—A discovery has just been made in Egypt by the well-known archæologist, M. Mariette. He has found at Thebes, after long and difficult researches, the tomb, still intact, of Pharaoh Amosis. The king is lying in a coffin, completely covered with gold-leaf, ornamented with large wings painted on it. Thirty jewels of great value were found in the same coffin by the side of the king, as was also a hatchet of gold, ornamented with figures in lapis lazuli.

A NEW ALLOY.—The German metallurgists have just discovered that the metal tungsten, mixed with steel, in the proportion of eighty of the latter and twenty of the tungsten, forms a very valuable alloy, harder even than steel itself. It is said that, in consequence, old tin-mines are being again brought into use, for the sake of the tungstates of iron and lime—wolfram and scheelite—formerly picked out from the tin-ore and thrown away as useless.

METHODISM IN AUSTRALIA.—The first branch of Australian Methodism extends over Australia proper and Van Dieman's Land, the Methodist districts which adapt themselves to the colonial divisions of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania. These are the home districts of Methodism in that region, the work in them being missionary only as regards a few surviving relics of the feeble aborigines, or the swarms of immigrant Chinese. The number of Church members here is 10,489, showing an increase on the year of 1,100. The second branch of Australian Methodism divides itself over New Zealand into the two districts of Auckland and Wellington, and the work is of a mixed character, embracing the British settlers and the Maori. The membership in these districts is 2,658, the increase being 107. The third branch is purely missionary, and extends over the Friendly and the Fiji Islands, which together reckon nearly 15,000 souls in Church fellowship, and present an increase of 1,300. The collective totals of the Australian connection are 28,138, being an increase of 2,600 above last year,

with 5,000 persons "on trial" toward the membership of the present year.

METHODISM IN FRANCE.—It is exceedingly gratifying to learn of the gradual advancement of Protestantism in general, and of Methodism in particular, in France. The Methodist conference there is becoming quite strong, both as to the number and characters of its members, while the influence of their labors is gradually extending wider and wider, and the sound, saving, wholesome truths they preach are sinking deeper in the public mind. The present agitated state of the country will doubtless operate, for a time, unfavorably to the success of their labors, but in the end truth will prevail.

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN.—The work of evangelization in Spain is carried on by the distribution of Bibles wherever practicable. Converts are multiplying from the numbers who revolt from the new Popish dogma of the Immaculate Conception, besides many who are Protestants in heart, but dare not make it known. The work goes on in secret. Converted Spaniards traverse the whole country with Bibles and tracts secreted in their packs, cautiously distributing them where wanted, and holding small meetings in secluded spots for reading and prayer. In the first six months of 1857, one of these missionaries carried the Gospel directly to more than two thousand persons, and two hundred and thirteen proselytes were gained by him to Protestantism.

ANIMAL FOOD.—The average quantity of animal food of all kinds consumed in France is stated on good authority, that of Mr. Paylu, to be as low as one-sixth of a pound per diem to each person. Even in the cities and large towns, especially Paris, the amount of food upon which a Frenchman lives is astonishingly low. An Englishman or an American would starve upon such fare.

NEW MATCHES.—Common friction matches contain phosphorus, which is poisonous, and no substitute has heretofore been discovered to supply its place. It is stated that a chemist in Paris has succeeded in making friction matches without the use of phosphorus. They are formed essentially of the chlorate of potash mixed with a small quantity of a metallic peroxyd or the bichromate of potash.

COLLEGE STUDENTS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The number of students now attending the Unitarian and Universalist colleges in the United States is 564; in the Episcopal, 722; in the Roman Catholic, 1,075; in the Methodist, 1,379; in the Baptist, 1,528; in the Congregational, 1,858; in the Presbyterian, 5,482; making a total of 12,608 in the various stages of their collegiate course in one hundred and twenty-two of the colleges of the country.

NEW MATERIAL FOR CHIMNEYS.—A French journal states that chimneys for steamboats, boiler furnaces, and houses are now made of *papier mache*, saturated with bituminous matter, which are superior to iron for strength, hardness, and difficulty of oxydation.

TEXAS WEALTH.—Last year there were, in Texas, 581,808 acres of land in cotton, 15,965 in sugar, 977,347 in corn, and 208,097 in wheat.

Literary Notices.

THE GREEK TESTAMENT. *With a Critically Revised Text; a Digest of Various Readings; a Critical and Exegetical Commentary, etc.* By Henry Alford. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a reprint, from the third edition, of one of the most learned and valuable publications that has recently issued from the London press, and is a work which we can confidently recommend. The text is carefully edited, and exhibits the results of a patient and thorough collation. The author has availed himself of the critical labors of the best German scholars—particularly of Tischendorf—but has not servilely copied any of them. The various readings introduced are numerous and important; and the text itself may be regarded as the nearest possible approach to, if not the identical language of the writers.

The notes are judicious and pertinent. There is no shirking of difficulties, yet no desire to increase them. Disputed questions are fairly met and candidly answered; and while the solution may sometimes be unsatisfactory, no one can doubt its fairness or its manly honesty. While the author is a decided Churchman, he is no bigot; and though giving no rationalistic latitude to his exegesis, he is not a mystic. A firm believer in the inspiration of the Scriptures, he yet rejects the doctrine that every separate word was dictated by the Holy Spirit; and so feels at perfect liberty to discuss every textual difficulty or variation in the most liberal and philosophical manner. Students of the New Testament will find this volume of incalculable benefit; and if the remaining volumes fulfill the promise of the present, they will constitute in themselves a whole library of Biblical criticism and commentary. We will only add that, in the matter of typography, we find nothing still to seek. For sale by Rickey, Mallory & Co., Cincinnati.

THE PASHA PAPERS. *Epistles of Mohammed Pasha, Rear Admiral of the Turkish Navy.* New York: Charles Scribner. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 12mo. pp. 312.—This is a reprint and enlargement of the Pasha Papers, published in the New York Evening Post. They are after the style of Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, or the Letters of a Turkish Spy. Satire is a difficult matter to handle well; for it should neither degenerate into frivolity on the one hand, nor ascend to moroseness on the other. Such miserable ravings as those of "Doesticks" contain neither humor nor sense, and are unworthy of the name of satire; and while we do not put these papers in the same category with them, we can scarcely advance them to a place beside Le Sage or Cervantes. Though not morose, they lack geniality; and while a few of them are admirably written, we think the majority of them dull.

MY SISTER MARGARET. A TEMPERANCE STORY. By Mrs. C. M. Edwards—four illustrations. New York: Carlton & Porter. 1859. 12mo. 328 pp. 80 cents.—This is a deeply-interesting temperance tale. It

sketches the progress of intemperance and ruin in a once respectable family. Many a sad, and a too true, picture is depicted upon its pages. It comes from our Sunday school department, as an addition to the "Young People's Library," and is printed in excellent style.

THE UNION HARP AND REVIVAL CHORISTER. *Revised edition.* By Charles Dunbar. Cincinnati: H. M. Rutison.—This is a collection of hymns and tunes for the social means of grace, and also for Sabbath schools and anniversary occasions. It has been introduced into many of our churches for social and Sunday school uses, and is by them highly appreciated. The collection contains most of our popular spiritual songs; some of them, it is true, not possessing the highest order of poetry, but all conspiring to enkindle devotional feelings.

THE SHAMEFUL LIFE; EVILS OF GAMING, are two discourses by E. H. Chapin, pregnant with startling fact, convincing argument, and stirring appeal. New York: Thatcher & Hutchinson. 15 cents each.

TIGHE LYFFORD. *A Novel.* James Miller, 436 Broadway, New York. Rickey, Mallory & Co., 145 Main-street, Cincinnati. 12mo. pp. 270.—As a story, this little book has very few redeeming features. The characters described are generally either exaggerated or improbable specimens of humanity—their situations unnatural, their names monstrous, and their contrivances impossible. The publisher claims that it is not a "sensation" novel, and this is true; but neither is it a story whose moral is clearly conveyed or strongly enforced. The tale itself is badly conducted, and more badly concluded. The best thing we have found in the volume is the quotation on the title-page.

POEMS. By R. A. Oakes. New York: Delisser & Procter. 1859. 12mo. 72 pp.—For the most part this volume is made up of snatches of love-songs; none of them of a very high order. The prettiest thing in the volume—"Over the Way"—we quote entire:

"Over the way, upon the gate,
Little May swings early and late;
She prisons the bee in the mallow cup,
And laughs at its hum as she holds it up.

But when the night comes, May's in bed,
And Maud leans over the gate instead;
In her little white hand, all folded up,
Is a heart like the bee in the mallow cup."

DUTIES OF CHRISTIAN MASTERS. By H. N. M' Tyeire, D. D. Nashville: Southern Methodist Publishing-House. 1859. 18mo. 287 pp.—Viewing the subject from the author's stand-point—that slavery is a good thing, to be used but not abused—this is a really-excellent book. It is calculated by its teachings and influence to mitigate some of the horrors of the slave system.

The book is well written. The author speaks in direct, bold, terse language. But while reading the author's description of the slave's relation to his master—his utter dependence and helplessness—we could not help thinking that so clear and able a reasoner ought to have reached a different conclusion. Instead of being, "take good care of the oppressed," it ought to have been, "let the oppressed go free."

We should like to give a more thorough review of this book; but want of space will not permit it now.

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN. By Miss Dinah Muloch. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 12mo. pp. 485.—Miss Muloch's writings are characterized by good sense and wholesome sentiments, and the present story is told in a spirit adapted to engage the attention, to enlarge the heart, and to inform the understanding. It is a reprint from the English edition.

THE BERTRAMS. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 12mo. pp. 528.—The author's reputation as a writer of the better class of fiction was established by his "Doctor Thorne;" and the present volume will not detract from it. The merit of the book consists no less in the management of the story than in the clearness and beauty of the style.

COSMOS. A Physical Description of the Universe. By Alexander von Humboldt. Vol. V. Translated from the German by E. C. Otte and W. S. Dallas. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—Humboldt's contributions to science are highly estimated, and with reason. He was a laborious investigator of the physical history of the world, and has left the proud monument of his labors in this last and greatest work of his life, the final volume of which was published but a short time before his death, under his own inspection. The only thing which we have found to object to in these volumes is the author's industrious exclusion of God and Providence. Otherwise, the "Cosmos" commends itself to every Christian scholar, as a trustworthy description of the external world.

ANCIENT MINERALOGY; or, an Inquiry respecting the Mineral Substances mentioned by the Ancients. By N. F. Moore, LL. D. Second edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 16mo. 250 pp.—This is a modest, unpretending little volume, but one of real merit. The author's research shows itself on every page, yet there is no offensive display of his learning. So far as is now possible, perhaps, the mineral substances mentioned by the ancients are here identified, and descriptions of them given. The book is not filled with dry, scientific details, but is written in a style calculated to please as well as instruct.

LIFE OF LUTHER. By Chevalier Bunsen. New York: Delisser and Procter. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 18mo. 250 pp.—The memoir here given was originally printed in the British Encyclopedia, a new edition of which has recently been issued; and this fact alone is a guarantee of its intrinsic worth. It is republished in a convenient form, and augmented by

valuable extracts from the writings of Thomas Carlyle and Sir William Hamilton.

THE WARS OF THE ROSES; or, Stories of the Struggle of York and Lancaster. By J. G. Edgar. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—Books like this are always attractive, and foster a taste for general reading. There is more romantic enterprise and daring adventure in actual life than in the fictions of the novelist; and the period of English history embraced in the narrative before us abounds in stirring events. The story of that high-spirited queen, Margaret of Anjou, and her fortunes, is well told.

THE MUSICAL GUEST.—We have already noticed the new and important movement toward "cheap music"—not cheap in quality, but in price. We have now before us Nos. 8, 9, 10, and 11 of "The Musical Guest." They are edited by Henry C. Watson, and published by M. Bell & Co., 13 Frankfort-street, New York city. They are issued weekly at ten cents per number. We can not express the importance of this enterprise better than by a single fact. In looking over one of these numbers we found in it a piece of music for which we were charged on our daughter's music bills twenty-five cents. In this series it costs two cents. Music teachers and music dealers will probably combine their influence to break down this enterprise. Possibly they may succeed, but we hope not.

THE SACRED MUSICAL GUEST is issued monthly by the same publishers. No. 2 contains, 1. The Lord's Prayer—Dr. John Smith. 2. Sacred Aria—"Lord, thou hast been my refuge"—Himmel. 3. Anthem—"Peace on earth"—Mozart. 4. Sentence—"Eye hath not seen"—H. C. Watson. 5. Choral Hymn—"From all that dwell," etc.—T. A. Walmesley. 6. Missionary Hymn—"When shall the voice of singing"—H. C. Watson. 7. Psalm—"Thee will I love"—Handel. 8. Anthem—"The voice of Charity"—Mendelssohn. 9. Psalm—"Long as I live"—De La Main. 10. Hymn—"I spread my sins"—Double Chants. Price, 25 cents per number.

THE OPERATIC MUSICAL GUEST is also issued monthly by the same publishers, and at the same price as the above.

The following books have recently been issued from our Sunday school department:

WILLIE'S LESSONS. 18mo. 198 pp.

WILLIE TRYING TO BE MANLY. 18mo. 182 pp.

Both of these have been read by our little critic. He devoured them with hearty interest, and pronounces them "right nice books."

WHAT NORMAN SAW IN THE WEST. 18mo. 268 pp.—Is an effort to adapt sketches of travel to the juvenile grade of thought and expression. A difficult task. Partial success has been realized by the author. Few would have succeeded better.

STUDIES, STORIES, AND MEMOIRS. By Mrs. Jameson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—This is a beautiful little volume, done up in "blue and gold." The "studies" are a sort

of off-hand criticism, running through a wide range of literature and art. They evince great subtileness of discrimination; and, springing from fresh readings or events, they possess a freshness and a naturalness which charm while they instruct. The "memoirs" are, The House of Titian, Washington Allston, and Adelaide Kemble. They are designed to be illustrative of art.

THE EDINBURGH for April contains, 1. Female Industry. 2. Barth's Discoveries in Africa. 3. Dr. Trench on English Dictionaries. 4. Life and Correspondence of Lord Cornwallis. 5. The West Indies, as they were and are. 6. Montenegro. 7. Sir F. Palgrave's Normandy and England. 8. Rifled Guns and Modern Tactics. 9. Major Hodson's Life. 10. Austria, France, and Italy. 11. Note on the Complicity of Liberians in the Slave-Trade.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY has articles on, 1. Carlyle's Frederick the Great. 2. The Minstrelsy of Scotland. 3. National Galleries. 4. Bunsen's Egypt and the Chronology of the Bible. 5. Devonshire. 6. George III and Charles James Fox. 7. Lord Brougham and Law Reform. 8. Foreign Affairs—War in Italy.

BLACKWOOD for June has articles on, Fleets and Navies—France—Part I. Lord Macaulay and Marlborough. The Luck of Ladysmede—Part IV. War Speculations. The Siege of Plymouth. The New Parliament and its Work. Review of a Review. Lines to a Political Friend. Our Relations with the Continent.

Each of the above publications may be ordered of L. Scott & Co., New York city. \$3 per annum.

PAMPHLETS.—Our space will allow us only to name the following: 1. Anniversary Address on Ministerial Union, by T. H. Stockton. 2. Existence as revealed in Consciousness and Revelation—a Sermon to the Senior Class of the Indiana Asbury Female College—by Rev. B. F. Rawlins. 3. The Christian Rule of Life—a Sermon preached at the funeral of Mrs. H. L. Stearns, Rouse's Point, New York—by Rev. Angelo Canoll.

CATALOGUES of the following institutions have been laid upon our table: 1. Emory and Henry College, Va.—E. E. Wiley, D. D., President—277 students. 2. Ohio University—S. Howard, D. D., President—169 students. 3. Indiana Asbury University—Thomas Bowman, D. D., President—269 students. 4. Providence Conference Seminary—Rev. M. J. Talbot, A. M., Principal—367 students. 5. Ohio Wesleyan Female College—Rev. P. S. Donelson, A. M., President—215 students. 6. Herron's Seminary—Mr. Joseph Herron, A. M., Principal—155 students. 7. Indiana Asbury Female College—Rev. B. F. Rawlins, A. M., President. 8. Irving Female College, Mechanicsburg, Penn.—Rev. A. G. Marlatt, A. M., Principal—71 students. 9. Shelby Male and Female Seminary, Ill.—Chas. W. Jerome, A. M., Principal—230 students.

MINUTES OF CONFERENCES have been laid on our table as follows: 1. Pittsburg—President, Bishop Morris; Secretary, Rev. I. C. Pershing. 2. New Jersey—President, Bishop Ames; Secretary, Jefferson Lewis. These conference publications are valuable as containing Reports and other information not given in the General Minutes.

New York Literary Correspondence.

It is not because our own goodly Gotham affords nothing to write about that I go abroad for a subject at this time, but because, occasionally, some things require a *pro tempore* attention beyond their proper relative value. For this month's entertainment I therefore propose to give your readers some account of

A GOOD THING OVERDONE.

The metropolis of New England is celebrated for a variety of facts and features for which it has become renowned, and from which it has also received a like variety of fancy names. It is the "American Athens," by virtue of the confessed preëminence in scholarship and culture of its learned men; and for certain other reasons, equally real and obvious, it is sometimes called "the City of Notions." A great many new things have originated in Boston, and while in other portions of the "Yankee nation," ingenuity is tasked chiefly to advance material gains, most of the "notions" of this renowned city are quite above the reproach of sordid avarice. It is a learned city, and, like its ancient prototype, addicted to new things; like that, too, this is given to *theologizing*, and accordingly, among its inventions is found a large stock of

new-fangled *isms*—theological, socialistical, and humanitarian—some gross and materialistic for the use of the vulgar, and some doubly refined and highly rarified for the benefit of the *élite*. And since theology is reckoned among the necessities of life in Boston, and the aristocracy, as is the manner of that caste, chooses to be singular, there at length came to be a felt want of an aristocratic theology, which want was, of course, promptly met from the unfailing resources of Yankee ingenuity. But while other Boston products seem to have been designed almost exclusively for exportation, this one has found only a home market; for beyond the immediate influence of the parent city this form of faith—if faith that may be called which deals only in negations—has no where become naturalized. And even in its native city it was long confined to the *esoteric*, for whom it was invented, and who were deemed to be the only ones capable of appreciating its excellences. More recently, however, there has been some appearance of a design to lead it out from its seclusion, and to popularize it. It is now preached from the pulpit, read from the lecturer's desk, and scattered abroad through the periodical press. But somehow the dull *esoteric*

masses, who have the dollars and must pay all charges, have been slow to appreciate its doubly-rectified excellence, till publishers, and others concerned in material things, have become rather cautious as to meddling with such matters. Readers are very generally altogether tolerant of free thinking on all subjects, but they are not always willing either to pay for or to read the attenuated transcendentalisms of certain disordered fancies.

The history of magazine literature among our eastern neighbors is somewhat instructive, both to the philosopher and the economist. At first thought it would seem strange that in so learned a city there should be so few successful periodicals. The "Dial" seemed brought into being only to indicate, by its shadow, its own rapid decadence; and the "Chronotype" typified most aptly the instability of human affairs. The North American Review lives on in a vigorous maturity; but it is an American work, rather than specifically a Bostonian, and by eschewing the peculiar tendencies of its neighbors, it has also escaped their fate. But Boston, most certainly, ought to have a first-class literary magazine, for which it possesses abundant resources, whether as to writers, readers, or the money wherewith to pay the printer. Accordingly, after those repeated failures, a new magazine was projected; but to escape the fate of its predecessors, pains were taken to assure the public that this was not intended to be the organ of the learned coterie of *illuminati*, which had ruled and ruined them; and accordingly, in the rather full announcement of subjects to which the Atlantic was to be "devoted," *theology* was not named—a most important and significant omission. When that work made its appearance, the public welcomed the newcomer with a warm and hearty acclaim. Its elevated literary tone and character was recognized and appreciated, and relying upon the faith of its conductors, a generous public, embracing those of all classes and creeds, gave it a word of favor, and readily received it into their home circles. The case presented a beautiful exhibition of the catholicity of American literature, and the unselfishness of those who control the national press, even the religious press—understanding, of course, that the well-known theological notions of a large share of its contributors would be held in abeyance—very generally spoke of it approvingly.

From the beginning, the papers of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" constituted a marked feature of the new magazine. Their authorship, though nominally a secret, was very soon commonly known and confessed; and though at first the reputation of Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES—the poet, humorist, and public lecturer—may have been serviceable to them, yet any debt so incurred was very soon more than repaid, and their author's fame greatly increased by them. Their marked success is, indeed, a highly-suggestive fact; for while they certainly possess real merit, it must be confessed that the proportion between this and their celebrity is out of the ordinary ratio. They are vivacious, pungent, and clever, with a good share of wit, some humor, and a vein of quiet sarcasm running through them, which always pleases whom it does not sting. Their smackings of finesse

and egotism are venial foibles, to be lightly passed over, as they accompany and set off to advantage so much that gives pleasure; and when to this is added the consideration of the fact, that the Boston *literati* constitute a kind of "mutual admiration society," and that a large portion of "the rest of mankind" are quite content to borrow their opinions as to such matters from them, it is not at all wonderful that the papers of the "Autocrat," especially, and the Atlantic magazine generally, proved a decided success.

But success is oftentimes peculiarly dangerous. In the ordinary affairs of life this is the case, but most of all in matters of this kind. It is of all things most difficult to persuade the man who has made a successful throw not to damage his own success by a second trial; or when he has uttered just the right thing to stop at that point. It is very certain that Dr. Holmes has not entirely escaped the peculiar dangers incurred by his success. Very likely the "Autocrat," in book form, has brought pecuniary gains to the publishers and proprietors, and it is scarcely less certain that it has damaged the reputation of the author. The same properties which impart the chief value to those papers as matter for a monthly magazine, unfit them for the graver and more pretentious form of a volume. For a time the book, in all the attractions of a fine exterior, may adorn the tables of fine ladies, in parlor and boudoir; but it requires no prophet's vision to foretell its not distant *hegira* to a higher position—either the upper shelf of the library, or the old chest in the garret. It is seldom safe for the actor who has performed his part with applause, in some prominent character, to appear again in a slightly-changed dress, to go through a similar round of actions. In most cases, such an attempt would be greeted with no insignificant indications of the audience's appreciation of the over-draft upon their favor. Had the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" been content to enjoy the honors and emoluments which those papers brought him, without overworking them; and had he then quietly retired, his departure would have been in a blaze of undimmed glory, his disappearance a genuine apotheosis. But the public are peculiarly sensitive to even the appearance of exaction respecting their praises, and any movement which seems to take for granted the public approval in a matter of taste is in danger of damaging its own success. So also while autocrats, whether political or æsthetic, rule in their own right, and their subjects bow to their behests with alacrity, the attempt to settle the succession by authority is often the signal for rebellion. When, therefore, the retiring "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" takes leave of his auditors, by first assigning his seat to the "Professor"—though the newly-installed is a confessed duplicate of himself—there is certainly some little appearance of slightly overdoing the thing. To know how to leave off before surfeiting is a rare qualification in a caterer for the public taste. Lieutenant Page tells of a negro boy in Paraguay, who plied him incessantly with *maté*, till he called out *gracias*, when the boy instantly retired; but, unlike the Paraguayan *garçon*, Dr. Holmes mistakes the *gracias* of the public for an *encore*, and so orders in a new course for their delectation. The case is truly

becoming a desperate one; Cupid, in the wine-cup, must now be the symbol of the readers of the Atlantic, surfeited

"Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

A change is, however, given them; the "Autocrat" has become the "Professor;" and as the former drew off the cream, so the latter can now serve out the whey from the same vessel.

But possibly we are doing injustice to the writer in failing to appreciate his higher and graver purposes in this new series of *Table Talk*, as compared with the free-and-easy gossipings of the former pieces. Quite possibly Dr. Holmes has come to feel that he has a mission, and finding that his hour has arrived, he comes forth to execute it. The world has had its illustrious races of teachers—men born before their own times—John the Baptist heralding coming gospels of good-will and peace, and why may not he be one of them? Then to think of one's self as standing at one end of a long succession, while Socrates and Plato are at the other extremity, and into which possibly, *propria gratia*, may be admitted that Jesus, to whom some in their stupid blindness ascribe divine honors, is at least grateful to self-complacency. The world requires redemption, we would not say from its own ruin, for that would smack of orthodoxy, but from the bondage of its false teachers; and who rather than he should be the champion to achieve that perilous work? He accordingly mounts his Rosinante, and has already found out his foemen, entrenched behind barricades of old volumes of theology, with convenient ways of retreat into the fastness of their citadel—the Church. His fiercest onsets must be made against that barricade, and, of course, "orthodoxy" suffers under his charges. The Bible, possibly, can be rendered harmless, provided its positions and application may be properly arranged; though at best it is a cumbersome, old-fashioned affair, for which there are many much better substitutes. It is a honey-combed—"crystallized"—piece of ordnance, fair to look at, but wholly unfit to be relied on in actual combat. But theology is an active poison, and theologians are implacable enemies to the new evangel, and these can have no favor at his hands. The history of the case justifies this view of it. In taking the Professor's chair, the writer tells us that he deemed it expedient to "signalize" that event by a direct advance into a new class of subjects, and by a movement so direct that none might mistake his object, and so bold that there should be no misgivings as to his adaptation to his work. A blow was accordingly struck in the first paper, from that chair, and then the rebound was awaited, which, however, appears not to have answered expectations. The hive was unbroken, but the bees were thoroughly roused to the defense, and a rather uncomfortable buzzing warned the over-sanguine aggressor that discretion is a soldierly quality only less valuable than courage. Three months later the Professor talks of theology again, but now in tones at once deprecatory, apologetical, and petulant. The "opinions of the press" were found to be quite unmistakable, and not extremely grateful; but whether the champion of the world's redemption quailed before the frowns of that ubiquitous presence, or was staid by a suggestion from the

proprietors, prompted by the ghost of coming losses of sales, is not for us to determine. However that may be, the promise was let fall apparently incidentally, but sufficiently significantly, that hereafter he should not have much to say about theological subjects. Still a Parthian arrow from the retreating knight gave evidence of what was still in his heart. The readers of the Atlantic gratefully accept the assurance of peace, and hope hereafter to sit down to its pages without danger of surfeiting upon the stale fruits of the old German refectories, and with the pleasing hope that their friend, the Professor, whether by the aid of lancet and cataplasms, has regained his balance of mind.

The Atlantic Monthly it may be confidently hoped is safe—thanks to the sober pilot at its helm and the golden ballast in its bottom; while of the Professor we hear elsewhere, still prosecuting his mission. The flowery season shed its radiance upon the city of the Pilgrims, and the "anniversaries" were in progress. Among these was the half-festive, half-religious reunion of certain self-called "liberal Christians," whom the world styles Unitarians; and of this assembly Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes occupies the first place. Shade of Abiel Holmes, where wast thou then? and was there not a rustling of the dry bones in the Cambridge graveyard? To honor the brave is an instinct of human nature, and never are such honors more grateful to the recipient than when he comes from the contest *without* the victor's crown. There seemed to be a pretty general feeling that the learned lecturer over biscuits and Rio coffee had been rather severely handled by his black-robed, white-cravatted antagonists, to say nothing of the chilling prudence of professed friends, who suggested abstinence from such ticklish subjects as preferable to defeat. It, therefore, behooved these "liberal Christians" to make their champion some compensation; and what could be more suitable than the chairmanship, with full leave to talk like an autocrat *ad libitum*, and to say as much of himself as he might choose! The occasion was propitious, and, of course, it was properly turned to account.

That an apostle should become a confessor is neither strange nor unusual; but a confessorship requires for its full effectiveness a precedent long and devoted apostolate. It is not wonderful, therefore, that our friend, the Professor, should become a confessor, though the transition may have been rather rapid, and the new character somewhat prematurely assumed. A confession of faith, from and in behalf of such a body of religionists as was that over which our friend presided at the May meetings, is at least a novelty, not to say an absurdity; but the thing is, for Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, from the chair of the Unitarian convention, with the appropriate use and application of the official pronoun *we*, has fulminated a CREDO, for himself and for his associates, so far as they agree with him.

Theological disputations are said to make the temper of the disputants both bitter and sour, and probably this currently-accepted maxim is as often and as demonstratively proved by the opposers as by the friends of orthodoxy—at any rate, Dr. Holmes affords no exception to this rule. The Unitarian confessor declaring his unbelief, could not forget that he was

also the much-abused "Professor" of the "Atlantic," and he spoke and acted accordingly. "We are the Protestants of Protestantism," is his war-cry, and under the new leadership "liberal Christianity" assumes an attitude of assault, and free-and-easy Unitarianism becomes a propagandist. The result of the campaign will be waited for with all due interest and impatience. In the mean time one may ask of himself whether indeed that faith which has commanded the convictions of many of the mightiest of earth's intellects, and wakened the liveliest emotions in untold millions of our race—that faith which has cheered the prisoner in his chains and the slave at his hopeless toil, and given strange consolations to desponding sorrow in its deepest depressions—that has been embodied in the constitution of states and empires, and acted as a leavening element in all the forms of modern civilization—whether that faith is to be routed and overthrown in the present age, and by the hands of the good-natured and elegantly-cultured Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, etc.! And is this indeed to be the end of a system against which the power of Julian was ineffectual? which survived the pungent satires of Voltaire? and against which the attacks of modern pseudo-reformers have hitherto proved as powerless as the storm against the mountain-side? But we are quite content to leave the sprightly little Doctor to fight out the battle he has provoked with the defenders of the faith; and although not very much in doubt as to its results, we shall nevertheless watch the progress of the conflict with some little interest.

After war is declared it is too late to discuss the question of its inception, else something might be said as to the expediency and good taste of this onslaught against orthodoxy. There are those who think that disputed points in theology ought not to be mooted in literary circles. Certainly something is due to the cherished religious opinion of a people, and, therefore, it is hardly the best thing for Dr. Holmes to wantonly trifle with the religious sentiments of the American nation. The "Professor" must, therefore, allow us to dissent from him as to his choice of subjects for his mensal lucubrations. The field before him is wide enough, and his own mental resources are sufficiently prolific to afford him the needed range and abundance, even if that one sub-

ject is shut up, and like the famed tree of ancient Eden, or, if he choose rather, the gardens of Hesperides.

Nor are the views of those who think they see in that feature of the Atlantic Monthly a want of good faith to be entirely disregarded. The scope and design of that publication was explicitly stated from the beginning, and by the enumeration of certain departments of thought to which it was to be devoted, *from which theology was excluded*, a pledge was given to the public that the well-known theosophic views of some of its contributors would not be thrust upon its readers. Such was the state of the case as viewed by the Christian public, and in a spirit of noteworthy liberality the new magazine was generally commended to the public favor. Its early success was not a little forwarded by that fact; for, notwithstanding its confessed literary excellence, there can be no doubt that a candid pre-announcement of the fact that it was to be made a vehicle of the views and opinions of Parker, Emerson and company would have been fatal to it. Its success, therefore, has been secured by the use of false pretenses.

But there is still much to hope in the case. The "man of destiny" seems to have changed the field of his progressive operations from the pages of the Atlantic to the festive gatherings of his confreres of the learned metropolis, and now we have only to omit reading the stories of Unitarian festivals and Morphy chess ovations, to escape the floods of Dr. Holmes's theologizings. The Professor now talks of *manners*; and though a Thackeray might write him down a *snob*, yet we decidedly approve of the exchange of themes. And by way of conclusion we will relate a story, which, should it at any time come to the notice of the Professor, he may amplify and adorn it at some future Breakfast-Table discourse.

Once upon a time a railroad train was confronted by a very large bull, who disputed the use of the track with the locomotive. The train came steadily onward, and the bull stood still in attitude of defiance, till, at the very moment he was about to dash his horns into the face of the "iron horse," the "cow-catcher" tumbled his mangled carcass into the gutter. "A bold fellow, was n't he?" cried the engineer to the fireman. "Arrah! indade, sir!" answered the Hibernian, "but I think he had n't much common-sense."

Editorial Paper.

BURDENS OF THE ITINERANCY.

In our former article we remarked that an itinerant ministry had the sanction of our Lord's example, and also of usage in the apostolic Church. Then we made the following points in favor of the system as it now exists in the Methodist Episcopal Church; namely, that it combines the elements of aggressiveness more than any other system; that it embodies the essential missionary element in its highest form of activity; that in a ministry of limited intellectual resources it will multiply almost immeasurably its efficiency; that it diversifies the ministerial talent

employed in the same congregation, and will, therefore, be more likely to reach and influence the whole; that it secures, as far as practicable, a distribution and equalization of ministerial talent in the Churches; that it embodies a peculiar stimulus; is a powerful preventive of secularization in the ministry; is conducive to the highest order of sermonizing; secures for every Church a minister and for every minister a field of labor; and further, that as such a thing as a "settled" ministry no longer exists in reality in any Church, and as the choice is now simply between a regular and an irregular itinerancy, the former is

greatly to be preferred. Our space did not permit us to elaborate these various positions. But their distinct enunciation must command the assent of our reason, and taken together they form an invincible argument in favor of an "itinerant" in preference to that which, as if in mockery, is termed a "settled" ministry. So far, too, as these arguments have force, they sustain itinerancy as a general system, and not merely as a speciality.

Every general system has its drawbacks. However pleasant or useful in the main its ordinary workings, none but has its incidental evils. The itinerant system is not exempt from this. It has its burdens, its inutilities, and even its incidental evils. We glance at a few of these, nor do we hesitate to admit their full weight and force. But, at the same time, we shall show that, taken as objections to the system, they weigh less than is generally supposed. By this we mean, first, that many of these evils are practically realized in other systems; and further, that if the itinerant system is, as must be admitted, one of the principal agencies through which God has wrought to accomplish the wonderful spread and growth of Methodism, then these burdens weigh lightly as objections to a system which compasses such grand results.

The labor, trouble, expense, and loss incurred by frequent removals is an objection felt and urged against the system. In the Methodist Episcopal Church there are five thousand, seven hundred effective traveling preachers; about five-eighths, or three thousand, five hundred, of whom move each year. Suppose the average expense to the society of each removal to be twenty dollars, then the aggregate would be \$70,000 annually. This, however, is only a small portion of the actual expense. The labor performed, the time consumed, the loss by damage to furniture, etc., must go in to swell the aggregate. This is certainly a tolerably large bill of costs entered against the system. We have two replies to make to the objection. First let us ask whether there is any possible way to avoid this trouble and expense of frequent moving except by retiring from the ministry altogether? Would you resort to a "settled ministry" as a remedy? Alas! what could we hope for, if we may judge from the experience of other Churches? What but irregular removals, originating not in the orderly workings of a peaceful system, but in disaffection and strife—accomplished at the expense of the minister, and leaving him in circumstances by no means favorable to his future settlement? But look at the subject from another point of view. When great personal interests are to be secured; when money is to be made; a more eligible position to be attained, men do not hesitate to assume the labor, expense, and loss of moving. If we will do this for self, why not for the Lord? If this drudgery and expense are cheerfully borne when it becomes necessary in order to secure great personal interests, why should not the same drudgery and expense be also regarded a light matter when great interests to the cause of God are to be thus secured? Take away this reply founded upon the general utility of the system, and we are dumb—we have no answer.

This frequent breaking up of the social relations of

life is an objection deeply and widely felt. The iron has entered our own soul; we have known it—felt it all. And once, we well remember, when we were in the full tide of almost rebellious feeling from this very cause, a voice came to us—it rings now in our ear—"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" Since then we have not been destitute of a reply. Our Savior made sacrifice of social relations that he might come unto us and redeem us. St. Paul made them that he might preach Jesus and the resurrection. And since then men have made them in every age. The missionaries are making them all the while. Why, then, should we complain? Our sacrifice is only partial. These Christian friendships are sanctified and sealed, rather than broken, by separation.

The system is especially disadvantageous to children. That there is force in this objection we have no disposition to deny. It is urged that when the father is absent from home most of the time upon his circuit, he will fail to exercise the necessary oversight and control of his children. But does not the objector see that this lies against the circuit system, rather than against itinerancy? Then, too, in some of the ordinary avocations of life, the head of the family is called to be absent often and long from his family. Would you abolish the business because of the incidental inconvenience? But when it is merely a biennial change of place, the main difficulty is in the school rather than the home education of the children. This is too often of a serious character. There is a change of text-books; also change in the course of study, and often in the system of instruction. This difficulty, however, may be, to a great measure at least, remedied by more careful attention on the part of the parents; which attention they are capable of giving if they are equal to the station they occupy in the Church. But looking at the matter in its most favorable aspect, we are compelled to admit that there are embarrassments here which the Church can and ought to remove by making more ample provision for the education of the children of preachers.

Again it is said, *the whole system bears especially hard upon the wife of the itinerant.* In no other field—not even the missionary—has woman exhibited a more noble or heroic devotion than in this. The history of the system will never be written till justice is done to her privations, sacrifices, and toils. But then not she utters the bitter complaint. Not she demands the revocation of the system. Alas, we fear those complain loudest who suffer least.

Loss of personal influence acquired in the Church where we have ministered. Every right minister, by intercourse with his people, acquires an influence over them. They come to appreciate his counsel, to respect his judgment. In his very personal appearance there is a power, because they have learned to associate with it the excellent qualities of his heart and intellect. This influence the preacher can not wholly transfer to a new charge. In one sense he must begin anew.

Then, again, this influence results in part from knowing as well as being known. A thorough knowledge of a Church, its capabilities and disabilities, its wants and resources, its tastes and aptitudes, the

agencies by which, and the direction in which, it may be most effectually moved for good—all these things give a man influence in a Church. So with individuals. In course of time a pastor comes to understand more fully the individuals of his charge; and as he knows them more thoroughly he can adapt his instructions or his reproofs to them more effectually. This objection is real, and not fanciful, so far as the preacher is concerned. But the Church has sought to neutralize its effects upon the societies by agencies peculiarly her own. We refer to class meetings and class-leaders. The class-leaders are designed to share with the minister pastoral labors and responsibilities in the Church. Though there may be a loss of personal power and influence to the pastor in consequence of his frequent change, yet, so far as the Church is concerned, the loss is more than made up when the system of class meetings is faithfully maintained. In fact, aided by his leaders—who are ear, and eye, and medium of access to the pastor—he may be brought in a very few weeks into an acquaintance with his flock, which, under another system, he would not acquire in as many months, if years. Then, too, so far as weight of personal influence is concerned, the system of itinerancy has not only its compensations, but also its neutralizing agencies for supposed loss of personal influence. By the system of interchanges, every preacher comes to be known more or less in every charge to which he is liable to be sent. It is quite likely that his worth is really oftener overrated than underrated. Our members rightly regard every member of the conference as in some sort sustaining a relation to themselves.

It is not, as in the case of other denominations, where the preacher not really called and settled in a charge has no connection—no bond of relationship to that Church. With us, to be strangers is impossible; and the bond already existing, by virtue of conference relation, most readily strengthens into the closest pastoral and Christian union.

Influence outside of the Church is a question of greater difficulty. Especially in the great cities this influence is of slow growth. Unquestionably the greater permanence of ministers of other denominations in our large cities gives to them certain advantages over our own ministers. Yet, Methodism stands before the public, not by her individual representatives, but by her general organization. Again, should we even concede that the itinerant system is not best adapted to the great cities, it would be still vindicated by the overwhelming evidence of its effectiveness throughout the country, where, after all, the great mass of the population is to be found.

We had intended to notice other objections, but these cover very nearly the whole ground. The replies, too, sufficiently indicate what might be said on other points. At all events we can not say more now. A careful examination of the whole subject—especially when viewed in the light of practical efficiency—accomplishing a work for God—will endear the itinerant system, with all its burdens and disabilities, to us as a Church. Whatever reforms may be projected, we pray that our itinerant system may remain unimpaired. Its abrogation would be the death-knell to the aggressive efficiency of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Editor's Table.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.—In the world's childhood fables were constantly used to convey instruction. All objects in nature were endowed with human passions and human frailties. The animals spoke an intelligible language; and in their discourse and their conduct illustrated the multitudinous characteristics of men. Cruelty and cunning, ambition and avarice, prudence and wastefulness, affection and piety found their appropriate exponents. Love of offspring, in fabulous literature, has many histories. Our picture represents one. To the covert of the woods a deer has brought her fawns for shelter and for food. Lovingly she bends over her young, carefully screening them from the scent of the hounds or the heat of the noonday. See how tenderly she licks smooth the hair on her nursing's head, and shows a mother's care for her little flock. You call it instinct; but it is a faculty which mankind shares in common with the brutes. A mother's affection for her child is more than instinctive; but even instinctive love is amiable, and is the foundation of that better and holier affection which distinguishes men from the lower animals.

REV. W. H. COLLINS, at the time of his death, was a member of the Western Book Committee. We trust his portrait will be deemed a fitting memento

by his numerous friends. The portrait has been much delayed by the difficulty of obtaining a suitable likeness.

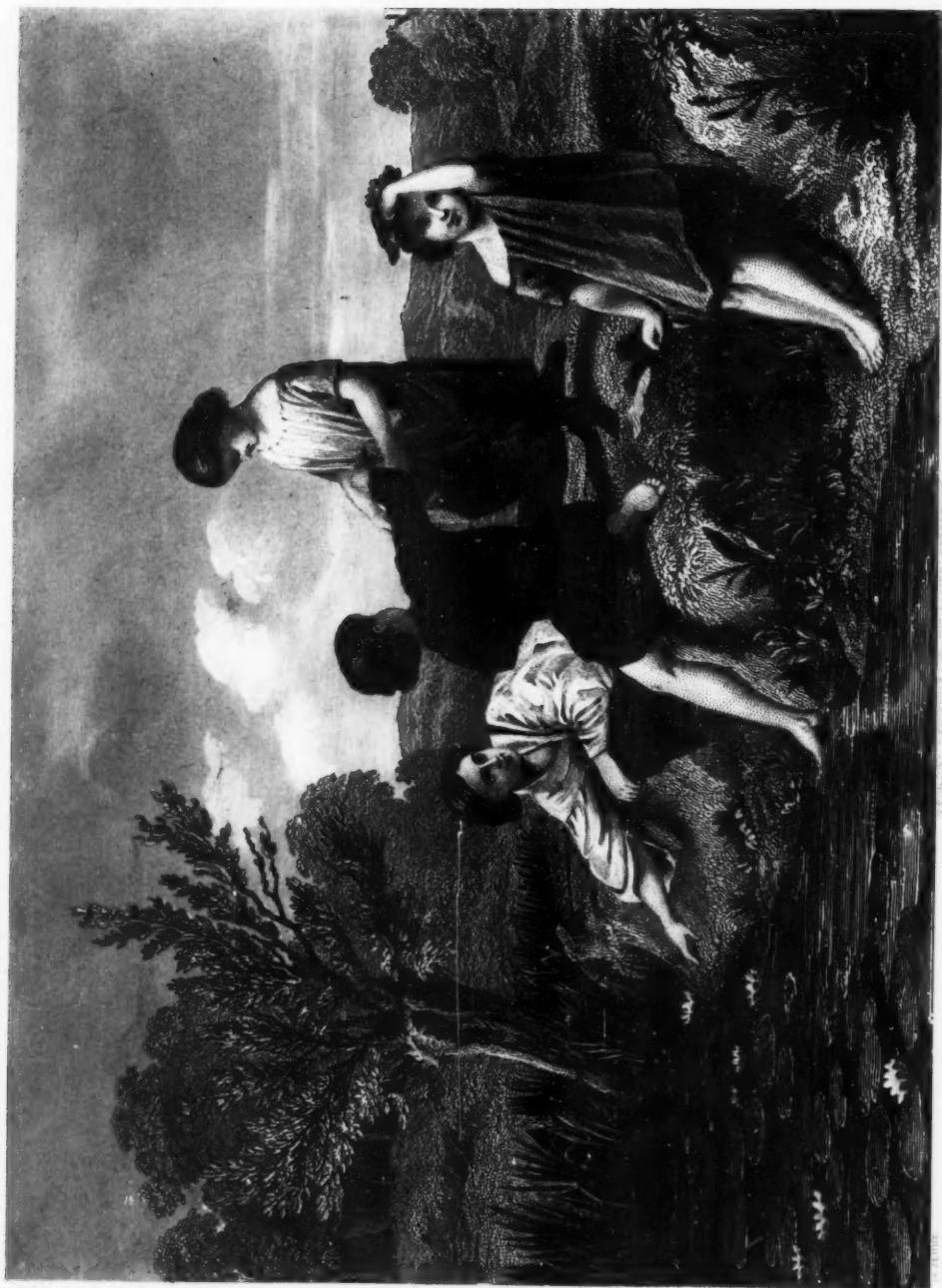
WEARING OF OUR PLATES.—Our immense edition makes bad work with our plates—literally wearing them out. To remedy this we have made arrangements to have the plates retouched; but by an oversight on the part of the printer this was neglected last month, and the last impressions of Governor Wright were any thing but complimentary. We shall try to avoid this difficulty in the future; but our real remedy is in the hands of the public. Let them give us an increase of about 15,000 in our circulation next January, and we shall be able to duplicate our plates.

CROWDED OUT are sundry book and periodical notices, and to ~~ground~~ in our Editorial Paper we have been compelled to cut it short, and also to squeeze our Editor's Table into the smallest possible corner.

DECLINED LIST is laid over till our next issue.

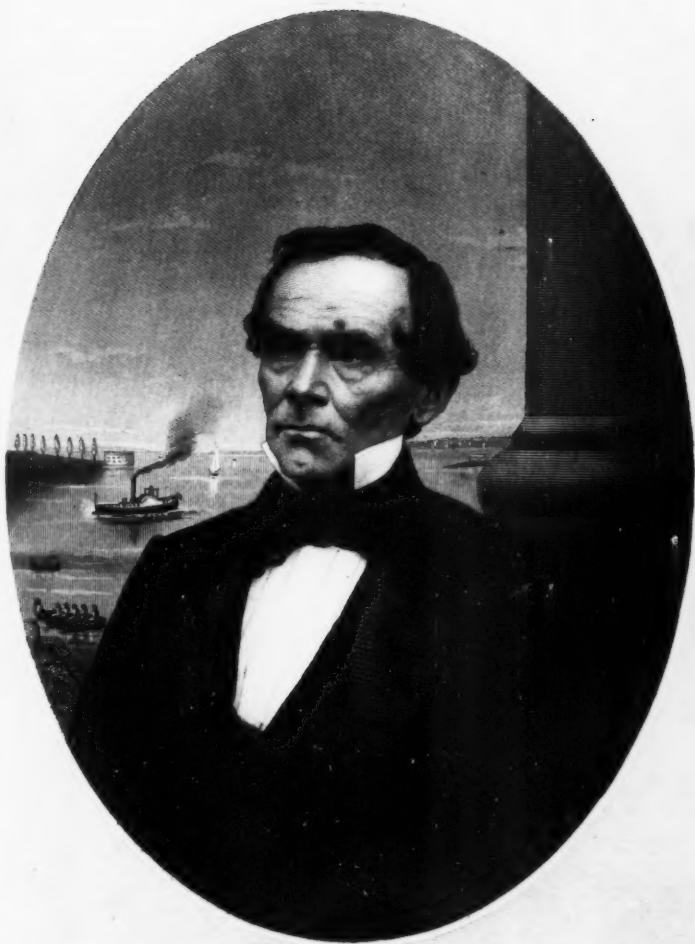
TWO DOLLARS were inclosed to us from one of our contributors along with a communication. The object was not specified, nor was the address of the person sending it given.

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Children gathering Water-Lilies

Children of the Water Lilies



Photograph by Brady.

Engraved by J.C. Butler.

DANIEL DREW, ESQ.

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